Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1838. VOL. VIII. No 16.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 2—First appearance in America of MRS. CRAMER, from the Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and English Opera House Theatres. THE HUNCHBACK: Julia, Miss Cramer—and ALADDIN.

MONDAY, June 4—First night of the engagement of MISS TREE. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING: Beatrice, Miss Tree; Benedict, Mr. Murdock, from the Boston Theatre,—his first appearance in New York—and HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND THE GAME.

TUESDAY, June 5—Second night of Miss Tree's engagement. ION: Ion, Miss Tree—and THE BARRACK ROOM: Clarissa, Miss Tree.

WEDNESDAY, June 6—Third night of Miss Tree's engagement. AS YOU LIKE IT: Rosalind, Miss Tree.

THURSDAY, June 7—Fourth night of Miss Tree's engagement. TWELFTH NIGHT: Viola, Miss Tree.

FRIDAY, June 8—Fifth night of Miss Tree's engagement. LOVE CHASE: Constance, Miss Tree.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In describing our namesake, the *Brother to Picton*, some weeks since, we inadvertently called him a chesnut; he is a *brown*, and we acknowledge ourselves "done brown" in consequence.

Things Theatrical.

THE PARK.—The past week has been devoted to music at this house, Madame CARADORI ALLAN enchanting us nightly with her wonderful science and execution. During her short engagement she has appeared in Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, in Cinderilla, in Amina, and in Clari in the *Siege of Rochelle*. Much difference of opinion exists as to the merits of this new opera; some prints professedly devoted to music and the arts apparently decrying it as dull, heavy nonsense;—others pronouncing their condemnations in terms more measured, but not less decided, and even hinting that the fair cantatrice, who has introduced it to us, regards it with ill concealed disgust. Another portion of the press take an entirely different view of it, and are loud in their approbation. In this class does our print rank, as our theatrical readers may well remember. We found very much to admire in the *Siege of Rochelle* upon its first representation, and it has since been constantly gaining upon us with its admired chorusses, its rich and pathetic concerted passages. It may, perhaps, be held a confirmation of this latter view of the opera, that it has drawn much fuller houses than either of the others enumerated above. We think this fact shows the good taste of the town; not that Mr. Balfe is to be classed with Rossini or Bellini, but it is plain that his productions are not esteemed entirely worthless.

Great changes have been made in the casts of the different operas, by the absence of Mr. Brough, the engagement of Mr. Morley, and the promotion of RICHINGS. The assumption by the latter gentleman of the part of Michel created some sensation. He was more successful than we anticipated, but still far behind Mr. BROUGH. It is all nonsense to cram down vindications of such changes, by praising the acting of Mr. Richings. Allow that he does fair justice to the part, still it is by his singing, not by his fine acting.

Mr. MORLEY, with his very fine, rich voice, is a great acquisition to the Park company. We hope his engagement may be renewed, or rather that he may be permanently incorporated with the company. We are to learn that Mr. HUGHES is determined to render the orchestra more complete and effective, and that *decided* measures are already in progress to attain this end.

Mr. FREDERICKS took a benefit on Tuesday, and Mrs. RICHARDSON on Thursday. We regret that on neither occasion was the attendance commensurate with their deserts. However, Mrs. R. could scarcely have hoped for more, in the midst of a star engagement, and when the bland and delicious weather invites to any thing save confinement in a hot theatre. On each of these occasions Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons* was presented, Fredericks personating Claude Melnotte, and Mrs. Richardson, the Lady of Lyons. We have heard the effort of the former highly extolled by a critic of taste; we know that Mrs. Richardson's judicious enactment of the part of Pauline, contributed essentially to the success of the play, when brought out by Mr. Forrest. That old favourite of the public, Mrs. MAEDER, late the beautiful CLARA FISHER, added her attractions to aid the benefit of Mrs. Richardson. She appeared in *Lisette*, one of Mrs. Keeley's parts, and in *Paul* in the *Pet of the Petticoats*. She was greeted heartily upon making her appearance, and her songs were received with cheers, and honored with encores.

Now that summer is with us again, the stars that have been shining through the winter at the far South, are coming home to us, and before "the leafy month" goes out, we hope to hail a number of old favorites, long lost to us. Already is Miss TREE in town, and on Monday next we are to see her in Beatrice. A rich treat do we anticipate from her finished, her perfect personations. We can never praise her too much in select characters in her varied line, and if they have not spoiled her at the South with their "much cherishing" and unceasing homage, we anticipate a reiteration of our oft repeated eulogies next week. She is to be supported in this engagement by Murdock, "from the Boston Theatre," who has been much praised for his elegannce in genteel comedy, but whom we do not recollect to have seen. He may count upon a warm welcome, and should bear in mind that there is a lucrative prospect for a fine comedian at the Park, now that John Mason has left *it* and the stage.—Thus much for the Park this week, and its attractions for the next.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

THE ROBBER: *A Tale, by the Author of "Richelieu," "The Gypsey," &c.*, 2 vols. 12 mo. Harper & Brothers: New York.

This is one of the most interesting of Mr. James's novels, and we commend it to all our readers warmly. In the department of historical romance, we esteem Mr. James the greatest living author.

JANE LOMAX, or *A Mother's Crime*, by the Author of "Bramabletye House," 2 vols. 12 mo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia: 1838

ITALY; *by an American*, in 2 vols. 12 mo., is from the same house, whose agents in this city are the Messrs. Carvills. The latter book is by our novelist Cooper, making a part of those reminiscences and sketches of his travels, which he has put forth under the title of "Gleanings in Europe." This last part is light but pleasant reading, tinctured with the strong prejudices of its author, but exhibiting his political feelings less prominently than others of his recent works. The theme, as he is aware, is a good deal hackneyed, but he has contrived to make the two little volumes agreeable. The novel, from the same publishers, we have not found time to read.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The June number is already upon our table, but we cannot stop to read it till we have concluded our account of Boston's triumph over the hitherto invincible Charles Carter.

The cause of Mrs. Honey's late indisposition was, it is said, the scanty clothing in which she appeared as *Leander* in the new burlesque at St. James's: This was the more to be regretted as her warm admirer, the "eccentric" Earl, was heard to say, in reference to her transparent attire, that "she was never *seen* to greater advantage."

London Satirist.

NORTH RIVER RACES.

FRIEND PORTER OF THE SPIRIT,—I see in your paper accounts of horse-races, colt-races, and ass-races, (*vide* the Stannard exploits, *passim*)—races over the Union Course, the Central, and the New Orleans—but never a touch of the sport of that nature we get on the Hudson Course. Suppose I give you a specimen.

On Saturday night last I took my heedless way to the foot of Courtland-street, to take passage for Albany (my custom often of a Saturday afternoon): and, as a matter of course, I threw my wallet aboard the Rochester, Capt. ST. JOHN, (one of the two best fellows on the North River, which is saying not a little.) I had hardly time to follow it, and seat myself on board, when the rival Old Line boat Swallow, Capt. BRISTOL, let go all, though it lacked full ten minutes of 5, and walked off. The Rochester, on seeing this manœuvre for the weather gage, let slip also, and was but three winks of a gnat's eye behind. A ferry-boat in the pier above, however, shot out just at the same moment, running directly under the bow of the Rochester, and compelling the latter to hold up, or run over her. This, with the advantage possessed by the Swallow of starting first, and from the pier above the Rochester, put the S. a little ahead—not near a length, however. For an hour the two boats ran side and side, the Swallow a trifle ahead; this was at first exciting, but it at length grew monotonous, and I turned away to my reading. I read through a bundle of newspapers—the Spirit, of course, included—laughed myself into tears over the fun of Forrest's interview with the President at the levee—sympathised with the stage-struck youth—then dipped into the duller journals and the magazines—drinking chin-deep of literature and politics. In short, I read till it became a bore, and turned to the race again. There we were, just as we started—side and side, though many miles had been traversed. We entered the Highlands, and the first sharp turn was rather against the Rochester, who lost something; her engineer shook out a reef and regained it. "Hurrah! we have them! Our boat now beats their prettiest, and the next turn is in our favor!" It was so. We passed West Point so close that one might almost have jumped ashore, though never a thing *did* get ashore from either boat this side of Newburgh—the mails for Caldwell's and West Point on board the Swallow to the contrary notwithstanding. But as we rounded the Point, the Rochester brought herself a full length ahead, leaving the Swallow dead in her wake, instead of riding on her swell, as hitherto. After a resolute but fruitless attempt to regain her position, the Swallow desisted, and made her landing at Newburgh, as the Rochester did at Poughkeepsie, and above. Thus was virtually concluded a trial of speed, in which two boats ran side and side for fifty-five miles, and during the whole time neither was a length ahead, and the winner at last succeeding by only that distance. I presume West Point, by daylight, is not often seen in May by those who leave New York at 5 P. M.

As the race had now become a chase, I turned in, and left the parties to work their own water until half past one, when I turned out again to take a lunar observation. The Rochester was then making her landing at Coxsackie, 22 miles from Albany, the Swallow about two miles astern. She had of course made the most landings, if landing it can be called to run near enough to a dock to throw a mail-bag ashore, without stopping. She gained here about half a mile in this way, and was evidently still in hopes of profiting by the Rochester's lack of wood—the latter having been on short allowance for the last forty-five miles, and ultimately arriving at Albany without a stick. She arrived about a mile ahead, however, at five minutes past 3 o'clock, having made a night passage in 10 hours and 15 minutes, against a strong ebb tide and a powerful current, there being such a freshet in the river that the water covered the Albany docks in some places more than a foot.

I should not trouble you with this narrative, Mr. Editor, if I believed such a race calculated to endanger the lives of passengers. I am not partial to a miscellaneous distribution of hot water myself; but in my poor judgment, there is *less* danger in such swift going, where everything is attended to with the utmost vigilance, and a landing made in a minute, than where the careless, slow-and-easy jog is taken, and ten minutes consumed in a landing. Here is the great danger—in long stops, to land or receive passengers. Blowing off steam does not avert it, because the just apprehension is that the water may get too low in the boilers, so as to expose the iron to a red heat, on which cold water will be poured when the boat starts again. The only full precaution against this consists in keeping the engine at work while making a landing, which is very rarely done. But who remembers an explosion while a boat was under good conduct, clear headway, and with full boilers! I do not. It is the halt, and not the pace, that makes the hazard.

Let me here say, that between these two crack boats of the river I do not believe there is a pin's difference in speed. I understood that the Swallow specially prepared herself to do her utmost on this occasion, having her fuel split into oven-wood, &c. I know that she *did* her utmost, and was beaten; but she had the greater number of passengers, which may counterbalance her superior preparation. I presume she did not run short of fuel, as the Rochester did. But this amounts to little, since the heat of the race was from New York to Newburgh—55 miles side and side, and won at last by the Rochester by a length.

The starting before the hour advertised is wholly wrong—a grievance to the public. The fault lies chiefly with whichever of two rival boats makes a premature start first. Passing a landing is another grievance to those who may be waiting to take passage. Those who are carried by, have their remedy at law, if they are not recompensed on the spot, as I believe they always are. As to the mail, Amos and the Old Line must settle their own differences.

Will you please, Mr. Editor, in your acknowledged capacity of arbiter of aquatic as well as field sports, to favor us with a code either to repress or to regulate steamboat racing as you shall judge proper? I think when two boats are so nearly matched, they ought to agree to give each other five minutes' start on alternate days. Why not?

Yours, H. G.

EPITAPH ON MY FRIEND BLANDFORD.

In drink he died—shun him, O worms, or you
Will die of *grave* intoxication too!

Bank Parlour. TIM CURTIS.

"Remember, my dear Lady Rolle," exclaimed the old peer, "that I have been the making of you." "You the making of me!" thundered forth the indignant lady—"pray tell me, John Lord Rolle, how, or in what way!" "By making you my wife, lovey," rejoined the peer. "You have made me *no such thing*, and the sooner," continued the lady, "I am *un-made* the better."

AN ABSURDITY IN HAMLET.

"List! list! oh, list!" That to Macready thus
The ghost should dictate, sounds extremely odd;
For as to "*listing*," Mac appear to us
Too awkward even for the "*awkward squad!*"

A FEMALE FLARE-UP.—It appears from a Glasgow paper that a man in that city recently "set fire to his wife," who lay in a state of drunkenness on some shavings. The act had created some sensation, and was declared to be a "burning shame," although the woman was a "regular brimstone." They had been heard in some "hot debate" in the previous part of the day.

Sporting Intelligence Extra.

BEACON COURSE RACES NEXT WEEK!

The Races over this beautiful course (directly opposite the city) take place the ensuing week. Purses of $1000, Four mile heats—$500, Three mile heats—$300, Two mile heats, and $100, Mile heats, will be given. For the first day of the Meeting, a sweepstakes, play or pay, Two mile heats, has been made between Mr. BOTTS' ch. f. *Margaret Ridgely*, Major JONES' b. c. *Gracchus*, and Mr. ABBOT's ch. m. *Shepherdess*. Of the horses in attendance, we have the celebrated *Duane*, that has travelled this week 400 miles to meet on the Beacon Course, the 4 mile day, *Boston*, *Decatur*, or *Atalanta*—with a bold defiance to all that dare enter the lists; his spirited owner seeks to meet the best native bred horse in America, Duane being by Imported Hedgeford; it is an important contest for the English horses. *Decatur* is on the Island, but not doing well; *Atalanta*, and *Charles Carter*, both so often winners, may meet together at the Beacon. We have Mr. KENDALL's *Master Henry*, and *Medora*, from Maryland; *Bergen*, *Tom Moore*, *Suffolk*, *Jane Rowlett*, *Ajax*, *Rienzi*, *John R.*, *Bloody Nathan*, *Shepherdess*, *Margaret Ridgely*, *Gracchus*, *Eliza Derby*, &c.; every nag named being a winner.

Could we have the naming of the horses for each day's race, we venture to say it would be the greatest betting Meeting ever had in America. We would put Boston and Duane, Four miles—Charles Carter and Atalanta, Three—Jane Rowlett, Tom Moore, John R., Bloody Nathan, and Medora, Two. Bergen we would put into the Four—Master Henry and Rienzi into the Three—and venture the field each day against any named nag. But enter as they may, each day's contest must be highly interesting, and fully equal to a Match race.

CENTREVILLE (L. I.) TROTTING COURSE.

The trotting this week has been of unusual interest, though none of the "cracks" have made a show. The courtesy of a very accurate and attentive subscriber, enables us to make the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1838—Purse $000—weight, 145lbs. in Harness or under the Saddle. Two mile heats, in Harness.

J. Buckley's bl. g. *Black Hawk*	W. Wheelan	1	0	2 1
H. J. Jones' gr. g. *Hercules*	Hiram Woodruff	3	3	1 2
Peter Wheelan's br. g. *Industry*	Owner	2	0	3 3
J. Whelpley's b. g. *Major*	Owner	4	4	4 4

Time, 5:39—5:45—5:41—5:42.

The 1st heat was won by a length; the 2d was pronounced a dead heat between Black Hawk and Industry. The 3d heat was won by Hercules easily, from a singular accident that befel the driver of Industry. It seems that as he was cutting out the work handsomely, on the 1st mile, the seat of the sulky gave way, precipitating Wheelan upon the cross-bar to which the whiffle-tree is attached; and here he rode out the trot, with his legs dangling each side of the shafts, coming in a good 3d! When he passed the stand, the spectators gave him three cheers that made the welkin ring. The fourth heat was won after a severe contest by Black Hawk, by about three feet, both horses well punished from the score.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $000, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

S. Cooper's b. g. *Aaron Burr*		1	1
W. Wheelan's b. m. *Medora*		2	dr

Time, 5:59.

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse $000, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Mr. Smith's gr. g. *Ben Franklin*	Hiram Woodruff	1	2	1
Mr. Cooper's b. g. *Aaron Burr*	Wm. Wheelan	2	1	2
James Brown's b. m. *Kitty Clover*	C. Bertine and P. Wheelan	2	3	3

Time, 5:33½—5:26—5:27.

A beautiful trot, the last two heats well contested from the score; the 2d was won by a throatlatch, and the 3d Ben Franklin, like his great namesake, took the lead and maintained it to the end.

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse $000. Two mile heats, in harness.

S. Coopers' b. g. *Aaron Burr*	Peter Wheelan	2	1	1
Wm. E. Denniss' b. m. *Greenwich Maid*	Denniss and Wm. Wheelan	1	3	2
George Spicer's s. g. *Apollo*	G. Spicer	3	2	3
Henry Jones' b. g. *Unexpected*	H. Jones	4	dr	

Time, 5:36—5:30—5:24.

A bang up trot, closely contested, the 2d heat being won by two feet only.

THE SHOOTING SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Editor,—Your correspondent Chattahoochee suggests a Shooting Sweepstakes, but of such an amount that it would be impossible to bring many shooters together;—the interest in such an affair would be in bringing from fifty to an hundred of the best shots in the U. S. to contend for an amount of some consideration, which with an entrance of one hundred dollars would be obtained, for if the regulation was not to close with less than fifty, that would give $5000, and then if it should bring together an hundred, ten thousand would be a pretty sum to docket, besides the glory of beating ninety-nine crack shooters, for no man without some pretention to the like, would think of entering.

It has been mentioned among the N. Y. shooters, and at least thirty are ready to put their names down to the following. If the proprietors of the Beacon Course will enter into it with spirit, it will be an unparalleled affair in the shooting world, and put more money in their pockets than any other sporting transaction. The idea is this—to form a sweepstake of $100, not to close with less than fifty, and as many more as could be brought together by a specified date; twenty dollars to be put down at the time of subscribing, and the balance the day before commencing shooting; to shoot fifty birds each, 25 yards from the trap; limited to *one and a half ounce of shot*, and all to shoot with the same size; the size to be decided by ballot; the proprietors to find the birds, gratis, and give a dinner each day (making 4 or 5 days shooting) to the subscribers. It has been suggested that the proprietors should add a thousand dollars to the Sweepstakes, but the above would be less expense, and give greater satisfaction. Truly yours, SNOOKS.

P.S. The above is a rough outline, and of course is open to any improvement, only taking one thing into consideration—what is to be done, let it be done quickly. S.

☞ It will be seen from an advertisement on last page that Mr. BROWNING offers $1200 for the encouragement of *Athletic Exercises*, to come off on the Beacon Course.

Carriage Horses.—Two or three pair of first rate Carriage Horses, are wanted by the editor of this paper for the South. Bays, with long tails, about 15½ hands, would be preferred; they must be young, sound, well broke, and well matched in action and appearance; for such the most liberal prices will be given.

Bills of indictment had been sent to a grand Jury, in the finding of which Mr. Curran was interested. After delay and much hesitation, one of the Grand Jurors came into court to explain to the Judge the grounds and reasons why it was ignored. Mr. Curran, very much vexed by the stupidity of this person, said, "You, Sir, can have no objection to write upon the back of the bill, *ignoramus*, for self and fellow Jurors; it will then be a *true* bill."

A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which, not at all apprised, he was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till, at last, addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "*nothing but the head.*"

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

A character for astuteness and profundity is conventionally attributed to all who occupy their business upon the Turf. If ever they did possess such, all traces of the qualities are now clean swept away. Fortune hath not among her adorers any whose worship is so divested of artifice. If "the best of life is but intoxication," for them the Racing season is one glorious feast, crowned with bumpers of the very elixir of mortality! Their pursuit is excitement; like the fox-hunter, the chase and not the quarry is their object. Next to the delirium of winning is the paroxysm of losing, as a philosopher in Blackwood, some years ago, demonstrated that in the chase, next to the delight of the hunter, is that of the *huntee*. Fully to feel the truth of this assertion there should be an experience of the scene with which the division of my sketch in the last Number terminated.

The Two Thousand Guinea Stakes are decided, and a fierce vitality pervades the plain. The event is known as quickly and simultaneously as the electric shock is conveyed to all who touch the conductor. But very different are its effects: instantly the multitude separates, and forms two divisions. In front of the Judge's chair one portion becomes a solid mass, whence one pair of brazen lungs, vocal with one sound (such is the sympathy of that compact assembly), cleaves the welkin with the cry "WHO WINS?" "Dark blue and buff stripe," responds a voice from a little white case upon wheels, like the infancy of a sentry-box. (It is the etiquette in Racing for the Judge to give the colors of the winner, as in the Commons House of Parliament individuality is conveyed by the profession of, or place represented by, Hon. Members.) There are those who may suppose such question propounded for the ordinary purpose of information. To such I can best afford initiation in the form of interrogatory. Hast ever seen the truly vinous, the worthy disciple of the rosy deity, ere the liquid ruby passes his lip, ogling the bee's wing of Oporto or inhaling the perfume of Bordeaux?—Thou hast? Then knowest thou wherefore these gourmets of good luck would hear again and again the realization of "Hope's flattering tale." *They are the winners.*

But whither has the moiety of unfortunates fled? They are off to the weighing-house, where we will follow them. "Hope springs eternal," says Pope, and he might have added, with a growth as quick as the mushroom. Look at the crowd that throngs around the enclosure which contains the horses engaged in the race just concluded. Their jockeys are being weighed, and now, for a few fleeting moments, is afforded an opportunity to snatch a glance at steeds that move and have their being in mystery. Those who congregate thus anxiously have "dropp'd it" heavily upon the Two Thousand, but there is the Derby in a bright perspective, and here a wrinkle may be gleaned. How little, on such an occasion, would a stranger imagine he was encompassed by men, many of whom but the instant before had probably been deprived of thousands. What a scene of animation it is! There stands, "with all his imperfections on his head," the luckless nomination selected for the great event at Epsom, by hundreds who had as much cause for such confidence, as they would have for backing the sun to shine out of compliment to Mr. Murphy. He gains something who hugs himself that there is yet time to open a new account for the field. The Derby favorite has, it may be, been the winner, and he who has lost upon the present event can afford it, for he is well on for Epsom, and promises himself to lay it on *thicker;* for now he knows the sort of nag he "lays his money out for." Within the *sanctum* are a few of the privileged. With careless eye, but searching scrutiny, they seek for mark of spur or whip. From without questions are poured upon them. Gibes are bandied, hopes avowed, wishes vociferated—but you look in vain for traces of present regret, or prospective anxiety.

In vain, save in one solitary, withering exception! For years that I have witnessed the stirring scene that I have attempted to sketch, which contains more of interest than any produced by the racing anniversaries at Newmarket, I have never missed from within the rails of the weighing-house, at the conclusion of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, one, whose bad pre-eminence is the wonder and reproach of the age. There ever, with leaden look and lack-lustre eye, stands the social vampire! Here ever you may mark that man of parchment lip and frozen aspect, whose bearing is an incarnated despair, and across whose ominous features if haply a sardonic smile should pass, "'tis strangled like a goblin at its birth!"

Such is the blighted slave whose life hath pass'd
Within a heartless, leprous atmosphere,
A being, by his demon-passion cast
Like Cain from social haunts, and all that's dear:
Without one human feeling, to the last,
Beyond that avarice which drags him here,
Till, like a bar consumed with inward rust,
The heart, before the frame, is turned to dust.

It often makes me smile to hear grave people utter profound nonsense, with one consent, about the "knowing ones" of Newmarket. If a green coat, suddenly retreating from the hips, and a frontispiece of Sibylline portent, give the world assurance of a sage, then write them down of wisdom beyond their fellows. Among the members of the Jockey Club there are probably few secrets, and they constitute nearly all the owners of race-horses running regularly over the heath. Nothing amuses me more than quietly to ensconce myself under the lee of the ring, and listen to the observations that fall from the Newcomes, sprinkled over every Meeting, anent the mysteries of betting, and the wonders expressed as to whence the Legs are enabled to draw their information, and pick out what to back. "No man is a hero to his valet," quoth the proverb, and in every other relation of life that peep behind the scenes will be found to "call back reality, and break the spell." Let no one suppose, who visits Newmarket to learn a little of life among the Legs, that he alone wanders over its classic sod an unlearned Theban. He will have imbibed full many a moving tale of craft and subtlety, in which your betting man is portrayed as the Machiavel of his calling. He will stand aloof, gaze upon the busy slaves of the Ring, and mentally offer up a petition for grace to the tyro who may haply fall into their toils. What would he think were I at his elbow, and, reading his self-communing, thus to whisper in his ear—

"In nine cases out of ten, those who have never seen a horse save at Astley's amphitheatre, or had experience of racing beyond that afforded by the saw-dust Derby, run annually in the circle at Westminster-bridge, are in a safer condition to traffic in the ring at Newmarket than all the old stagers that have kept Sathanas waiting for the penalty of his bond for the last half century. In betting upon matches, toss a shilling and call heads or tails with yourself for choice—*that* is the true criterion. Matches are always handicaps, made with caution, upon the true diamond-cut-diamond system, without a farthing per cent. to choose between either. You go to the Ring, however, and the chance is that you find the current of exchange running as though the bargain on the *tapis* had been entered into when one of the parties was *non compos*. Nowhere is the *esprit de corps* more omnipotent than on the Turf,—nowhere on the Turf so omnipotent as at Newmarket. There stables, and not horses, are backed. In the spring of 1834, had you hinted that Plenipo was to win at Epsom, they would have regarded you as a candidate for a strait-waistcoat—'as if *Batson* could win a Derby!'—Example, however, is far before precept; so I will illustrate. About two years ago I was riding very leisurely down to the heath, being careless about the time announced for the first race. It was a match, and in consequence of an accident I was under the impression that it would be no go. The parties engaged we will suppose to be A and B, and my reason for believing there would be no start was this:—The match was for a hundred, and in the morning I was aware that B had offered A seventy-five pounds forfeit—tolerably strong grounds for such an opinion. As I passed the weighing-house I went in, and to my surprise, I saw the jockeys for this match just out of the scales, and preparing to set off for the saddling-stables. Both the parties were obstinate; A was sure of winning, and would take nothing less than the whole amount (it was a P. P. event), and B, as he must pay, 'would have a shy if he lost his stick.' Slowly wending my way for the Ring, the first sounds that saluted my ear were odds being freely offered, *and no takers, upon B!* Here was coin a-begging, and no friendly purse that would give it an asylum. I have an oath registered never to bet, under any dispensation, however providential, but that was no reason that I should not give a friend a turn—I did so, and in five minutes he was a richer man. There was nothing wrong here—the very fact of the absence of takers was proof enough—but B's was a crack stable—therefore its inhabitants must win, "and no mistake." You may find thousands of parallel secrets in the annals of Newmarket."

To return once more to the graphic, I shall be held, I trust, justified in introducing into this sketch an outline of a sport now almost obsolete, but once the very mirror of gentle chivalry. Occasionally, during the summer Meetings, the falconers of Lord Berners display their art upon the heath. The hawking establishment at Didlington is now the only remnant in England of the falconry of the olden time; indeed the traces of it are fast disappearing all over Europe. To be pursued legitimately it requires a combination of appliances rarely united—a wild unenclosed country is, if not essential, highly advantageous, and a heronry (very seldom found in this country) absolutely indispensable. The heron is the only fitting quarry for the hawk, and those alone who have seen a true flight of that description know what real falconry is, or rather was. His Grace of St. Albans "fluttering the doves" on the Brighton Race-course is a sorry presentment of a once regal sport, enacted by a royal officer ordained to uphold and do it honour. Lord Berners (so well known for his patronage of every rural sport as Major Wilson) is now, as I have said, the sole representative of the noble falconers of other days. Every spring his "flight" arrives from Germany, where his falconers, who are all Germans, reside during the winter, for the purpose of taking and educating the young birds, to be there procured only. At Didlington Hall there is a magnificent heronry, and there only in Europe can be seen hawking as once practised in this country. That exhibited at Newmarket is of course very inferior, but even there, from the superior description of the birds of chase, and their style of management, it is a sight of great interest. To many the whole detail of hawking is a sealed book; if by any hazard such should visit the second Spring Meeting, let them not take fright at Wednesday's beggarly list (too often a sadly meagre affair), but tarry, if but to list the music of the silver bells, and mark with what skill the Germans "lanch their falcons in the air."

From the lighter tintings, the ornamented filling in of my design, I come to the real matter, the foreground of my sporting sketch. Here necessarily stands, in the strongest relief, the Jockey Club, a body of gentlemen associated for a very noble purpose, collectively and individually, of unquestionable honor and integrity, but not exempt from the possibility of backsliding, as shown in the instance that once compelled them to purge their society of the presence of the first subject in the realm. The Turf, indefinitely the most important of our national sports, if indeed, from the vast speculations to which it now gives birth, it deserve not to be classed among schemes of a higher character than those of mere amusement, is virtually in the hands of that body. From it has emanated a code of rules, very excellent, as far as they apply, by which the whole detail of racing in Great Britain is influenced, indeed regulated. So long as public opinion sanctions those ordinances their power exists, and no longer. That they tend to produce good order, and essentially to serve the best interests of racing, I cordially bear testimony; and hence the anxiety I feel lest any chance may weaken their present conventional weight. Two causes threaten the implicit faith that heretofore has been accorded to every law issued by the Jockey Club—an apparent disregard of grave charges tending to destroy all confidence in influential members of the Turf, and a disposition to permit an ultra-exhibition of power in affairs of minor import.

Disavowing all invidious motive in that which is required in exposition of this statement, I will adduce the most prominent example of supineness towards grave charges against members of the Turf that late years have furnished. In 1834, Plenipotentiary, the property of Mr. Batson, won the Derby, beating probably the best field for that race of the present century, and consequently became first favourite for the Doncaster St. Leger. During the summer many sinister reports were afloat, and a party was distinctly named to me as the one to make the Leger safe. In consequence of many strong representations made to me on the subject, in the September number of the Sporting Magazine I gave this hint to Mr. Batson:—"I have heard that lots of warning letters have been addressed to Mr. Batson, with rumours of all sorts of evil intentions against his horse. These may have been merely the benevolent shoves of his friends, to keep his vigilance on the *qui vive;* but they may rest contented that all parties to whom the care of Plenipo is entrusted, are wide awake to the responsibility reposed in them. The fate of Bessy Bedlam is too well known not to enlist all that unwearied attention and deep caution can suggest." The race came off, and the result is known. Plenipo was made safe, there is no doubt—the most probable thing is, that laudanum, or some strong narcotic, was administered to him the night preceding the event, as Conelly, who rode him, told me that when he mounted him to start, he expected every moment he would have lain down under him, and that he actually was obliged to stick him with the spurs to keep him on his legs.

The sensation this palpable robbery caused in all the sporting circles cannot be forgotten. The papers of the day teemed with unseemly notices of, and vile allusions to, "Batson and his trainer." While this most disgraceful discussion was at its height, I was at Newmarket attending the Autumn Meetings, and in the spirit of an honest charity wrote to Mr. Batson, fairly stating to him that most unpleasant surmises were in circulation on the subject of the late St. Leger. I honestly told him, that the running of his horse for that race was not what I should have expected, had he been brought to the post from a summer's run at grass: that had he gone on the day previous at exercise, as he did in his race, it could not, by any possibility, have escaped the observation of those to whom his care was entrusted: and concluded by requesting his opinion of the mystery, couched in as courteous language as I could command. To this letter no answer was vouchsafed—I do not say that none could be given. During the meetings it was said, that the whole affair was to be brought before the Jockey Club, but nothing of the kind was done. Time wore away, and there appeared in a Sunday paper an account of a *rencontre* at Newmarket, between "a certain trainer and a well-known Jockey," done *couleur de rose*, a paragraph eminently suited to "ears polite." The fact was, that at a rendezvous used by the jockeys, Paine, who trained Plenipo, met Conelly, who rode him; that some impertinent observations were made by the former, whereupon the latter gave him a sound thrashing. I have named this latter event to show how prominently the Plenipo affair was kept before the public, and how strong appeared the necessity that some enquiry, from an influential source, should have been instituted about it. In many cases that might have occurred similar to this, the Jockey Club would not be in a situation to enforce an investigation—here the integrity of one of its own members was compromised, and, in justice to the whole body, it was fitting the mystery should have been scrutinized.

I have not space to notice the *faux pas* that have, since that sensation, from time to time attracted public remark and animadversion. Whatever untoward events have originated out of racing, it is but fair to state, have been in no way associated with Newmarket. There all has been conducted upon the most unimpeachable principles, *malgré* the indifferent example of the provinces. Moreover, has not the calm been broken, or even the surface ruffled, till upon the late Leger there (the very name is an apple of discord), I had the temerity to bring a charge of discourtesy against the owner of Mango, and the consequence was an explosion of an awful character. How differently must nature have treated Mr. Batson and Mr. Greville in the article of bile! Nothing could disturb the equanimity of the the former, while the Sir Anthony Absolute of Dowton is a portrait of meekness and long-suffering in comparison to the latter. As Mr. Greville has thought proper to publish his correspondence with me, of course I can have no delicacy in alluding to the subject of dudgeon between us. I forbear allusion to the merits or demerits of the question, because I am in daily expectation of being afforded an opportunity of first offering such explanation to the Stewards of the Jockey Club; but I see no just cause or impediment why I should refrain from laughing at the modern Quixote, who tilts at parts of speech, and couches lance against uncomely vocabulary. By "'r Lady," he is a gentleman of a most excellent conceit! I laid down my book the other night, that I might take my fill of mirth at a passage, the author of which may account himself a fortunate man if he escape scathless for letting his wit outrun his discretion. In a caustic biographical essay, Mr. Paul Pry Poole, entitled, "Little Pedlington in a Pucker," the boniface of that remarkable place waits upon his man of law, that a prosecution be forthwith commenced against all concerned in a work that has thrown the whole town into a pucker, "being the Diary of the Times of the late Pomponius Nix, Esq." The offensive matter, in the individual instance, was a disparaging allusion to the host's style of compounding his negus. By a fatality as extraordinary as rare, the functionary so applied to, happened to have a conscience, and, thereby instigated, gave it as his opinion that an indictment for gross and malicious defamation would not lie where merely a speculation had been indulged in, *quoad* the quantum of the element proper to particular compounds: that such did not constitute malice prepense, and could not be construed into libel. This was a deduction not dreamt of in the philosophy of mine host of Little Pedlington: "No libel!" exclaimed he, in incredulous amazement; "come, come, that's a good one! *it says of me what I don't like, and yet you would have me believe it's no libel!!*" Forefend that I should foment strife, but if this be not a slap at the logic of the Hon. Clerk of the Council, brand me for ever as utterly obtuse of judgment, or malignantly tortuous of interpretation beyond all modern malevolence.

The nineteenth century exhibits nothing resembling the wrath of Mr. Greville, unless, indeed, the affair of Little Pedlington belongs to that era. "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!" Mr. Greville, a member, and also a steward, of the Jockey Club, ignites at a paragraph of which I admit the paternity. He has a horse engaged in a particular race; on the eve of that race a report is current that the horse has broken down, or gone amiss—in short, that he is lame exceedingly. Well, that report reaches me, and claiming privilege after the example of the pius Æneas that "sit mihi fas audita loqui," I detail the matter with particulars. I state that on the evening preceding the Newmarket St. Leger, it was current that Mango had broken down, and that a guinea to a shilling was laid against him in consequence: that on the next day it was announced he would start, and that something, intended to be an explanation, was given out, which I conceived was the lamest part of the whole business, according to my estimate. That the trainer who first pronounced the case a break-down (that is to say, a violent muscular injury) soon after discovered that it was merely a bruise of the foot, or something equally insignificant. After some professional observations on the case, I proceeded to say, that whether any hopes existed or not that the bruise might allow the horse to start, surely it would have been as courteous to have stated, that it merely *was* a bruise that confined him to his stable, and not a break-down that precluded the possibility of his crossing the threshold of the door.—"If courtesy and the Turf are *dos-a-dos*, well: otherwise, to deal leniently with the affair, *it was an ungracious proceeding*." Thus did I write, and most animated was the rejoinder of Mr. Greville, which he published in London, with editorial notes and comments, and which has since been re-published in America for the use and behoof of the worlds, old and new. I explained, gave chapter and verse for what were designated *my* "offensive insinuations," but all availed me nothing. The gentleman's choler was as inextinguishable as the Greek fire. Though I disclaimed all intention of imputing to him any thing unfair or dishonorable, he insisted upon his "false and malicious libel." Like the logician of Little Pedlington, so argued he upon my paragraph:—"*It says of me what I don't like, and yet you would have me believe it's no libel.*"

To be serious:—though, as appertains to myself, I may consider the threat with which Mr. Greville concludes his fulminations, as a joke, as concerns the interests of the Turf I have my fears that it may prove "a heavy blow and a great discouragement." On the merits of my own case I have said I will be silent, because of the respect I entertain of the nobleman on whom I have publicly called to investigate and decide upon my conduct and its justification. But as concerns the Turf, how stand the facts? A public writer has put forth certain statements; they are true or they are false; they are criminal or they are not. If the character of Mr. Greville has been wantonly and falsely assailed, what prevents his application to a jury of his countrymen for satisfaction and redress? He attempts nothing of the kind, but avows that he will appeal to his brother Stewards, "and ask their *concurrence* in having the writer warned off the course." An intelligent journalist, observing upon this monstrous declaration at the time, enquired, "Suppose the person warned should not go, what then?" This, however, does not belong to the present question. That any man of discretion, filling a responsible office, should deliberately publish his belief, that he is in a situation to ask those who are associated with him in adjudicating upon his own case, must strike the most careless as likely deeply to prejudice such interests as the parties are called upon to preside over. Suppose even the most crying wrong had been perpetrated, such dealing with it would be certain, among Englishmen, to enlist sympathy on the part of the accused.

Here I pause, and, with every sentiment of consideration, call upon the Jockey Club collectively to weigh the two cases that have been put forth for their notice. It is not for me to do more than offer the premises, the deduction lies with them. How far the matters that have been made public, respecting Plenipotentiary and Mango, suit the spirit of the present age,—whether the indifference shown in the former instance, and the star chamber practice threatened in the latter, are likely to serve the cause of Racing, they are the conventionally constituted authorities to pronounce, and to them, with all deference, I appeal. For myself, holding the Turf to be intimately connected with the interests of our rural economy, and a source of much social enjoyment, it has ever had my best wishes for its success, and my honest advocacy when I thought such was needed. To suppose it possible to please everybody never entered into my contemplation. When I first became connected with it, as a public writer, I felt that I had a delicate and difficult task to encounter, and I traced for myself a line of conduct from which I have not deviated, ever promptly to acknowledge and correct an error, and, where an offence might be taken, readily to offer apology, or the *amende honorable*. Such was the course I pursued towards Mr. Greville; I leave the issue to the verdict of the public.

It is difficult, in the present state of the Press, to account for the morbid sensitiveness with which all delinquencies in engagements of honor are approached and discussed. Proverbial as is the law's delay, even in that we find at length that a distinction is to be made between crime and misfortune. Why should not that great moral engine, the Press, set the example, and while it publishes, for the use of one class of the community, the names of those upon whom misfortune has laid its icy hand, for the service of another issue a gazette of the defaulters in honor! Nothing to me is more utterly inexplicable than the spirit of caprice by which society seems to be regulated in estimating an overt act of dishonor. Necessary as principle is in all the affairs of life, it is vital to the very existence of the Turf; yet nowhere are its laws so loosely interpreted, or so leniently administered. So far from the facility for fraud exciting a corresponding vigilance to detect and expose it, so long as absolute participation cannot be brought home to a party, his reputation is held unblemished and entire. This is a view I am not content to take; I consider misprison of fraud next in degree to actual cheating; and I am satisfied that if it were so construed by the public voice, a speedy end would be made of the chicane and infamy too truly urged against many late transactions in the sporting world. In the year 1835, the Queen of Trumps won the Oaks, and subsequently was backed for the Doncaster St. Leger at something less than six to four against her. The event of the preceding year (Plenipo's hocussing) put people upon the alert, and a repetition of that stratagem was, no doubt, a forlorn hope. The Queen ran and won, and what beyond that was stated? That on the day before the race Mr. Mostyn was offered, and refused, *seven thousand pounds for her.* The object of the offer was apparent on the face of it—for an honest purpose no mare in England could, at the end of her three year old season, be worth one half the money. Mr. Mostyn was aware of the object with which such a heap of money was bid, and very honorably stated his readiness to sell, but that the mare must be permitted to go for the Leger, "*and go to win.*" Of course this did not happen to suit exactly the dealer's *designs*, and there the negotiation ended. If any doubt could rationally have been entertained from the first as to the views of the purchaser, this placed them beyond all question. As this statement has gone uncontradicted for years, I take it as fact. What good service would Mr. Mostyn have done the Turf, and all honorable patrons of it, by quickly denouncing the scoundrel who dared to outrage him by such proposal! How better could the Jockey Club legislate than in making provision for cases such as this!

Towards the end of the same year there was a commotion in the Racing circles in Ireland, caused by a most nefarious transaction attributed to a gentleman belonging to the Turf Club in that country, and a member of the legislature. Mr. Edward Ruthven, a representative of the county of Kildare, was charged with having imported two English racers, which he ran at the Curragh as Irish-bred horses of a year younger than their respective ages. On the 28th of December the affair was investigated by the Stewards of the Turf Club; one of the Newmarket jockeys attended specially to identify the animals in dispute. They were not, however, produced, and the Stewards decided a substitution had been practised; ruled that neither of the horses were entitled to the Stakes in the races for which they came in first; and concluded by stating, that they felt imperatively called upon to remark that, in consequence of Mr. Ruthven's withdrawal of his name from the Turf Club, it did not become part of their painful duty to recommend to the Club any further proceedings in the matter. Many causes deeply interested me in that unhappy inquiry. I had known the party so sadly implicated for years; we had, in fact, been long intimate friends, and, despite all the "confirmation strong" against him, I doubted, or perhaps wished to doubt, in the absence of positive proof, the truth of the delinquency urged against him. So much did the question concern me, that I had an interview in Dublin on the subject with the Secretary of the Turf Club. That interview by no means satisfied me that still the charge might not be unfounded. Mr. Ruthven's refusal to produce the horses might have been the result of a mistaken feeling of offended pride and conscious integrity. I wrote to him for an explanation, and I have now his letter before me, in which he solemnly denies every tittle of the imputation, and assures me that he will forthwith institute legal proceedings for the recovery of the Stakes when his innocence of even the shadow of wrong will be manifest. I came to London, and I found him in his place in Parliament—is it any wonder that I was still sceptical? It is true the promised proceedings were not instituted, but causes were assigned for the delay. Then came the dissolution of the late Parliament, and the event would bring him in contact with his constituents upon the very scene of his imputed misdoing. How did this hour of trial find him? Indignantly spurning the offer of a colonial appointment from Mr. O'Connell (who *must* have known the charges brought against him were false or true, and in the latter event could he be guilty of so monstrous a thing as recommend a dishonored man as fit for office under the government he supports?), and going fearlessly to meet those who had conferred upon him the highest dignity the people can bestow. Time has done its office, and with sorrow do I write it, the worst has been confirmed. Following a miserable example, he threw himself into the torrent by which he was certain to be overwhelmed. Who that saw the haughty indignation with which Lord de Roos called for an enquiry, could have imagined in what the result of the investigation would have terminated? Who that found the late Member for Kildare seated in the legislative assembly of the people, could have conceived that he had been guilty of an offence which for ever placed him without the pale of society? Who is there can read these things without feeling that the Turf stands in need of a constant and watchful censorship, and that the last person on earth who should attempt to turn aside or hoodwink such vigilance, is one selected to preside over and promote its interests?

London (Old) Monthly Mag. for March.

ESCAPE FROM A TIGRESS.

SIR,—I send you an extract from a letter I have received from my brother, Lieut. George Grenville Malet, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry. If you think it worth while to insert it in your valuable Journal, by doing so you will oblige your obedient servant,

C. S. MALET, Capt. 8th Regt.

(Copy) "Balmeer, Jan. 1837.

"On the 26th inst. Mortimer, (her Majesty's 40th,) Reeves, and myself, (3rd Light Cavalry,) separated from the rest of our party to go to the Ghud Nullah, having been informed by our Shicarries that they had tracked a tiger in the morning; we were afterwards joined by Ravenscroft and Forbes, both of my regiment, only armed with spears, expecting swine. We soon reached the Nullah, the banks of which, high and steep, intersected by smaller branches, were covered with grass and brushwood; to this we applied fire where the track entered, and then took our stations on foot; Mortimer on the right bank, nearest the fire, Reeves on the left bank, myself also on the left, with a broad deep branch and two or three gullies between us. There was not much wind, and the grass being green the fire did not come down rapidly; however, after waiting some time, a shot, answered by a loud roar, announced "the presence." This was from Mortimer: as she passed Reeves she got the contents of two barrels, and came on roaring furiously, evidently hard hit, and turned into the deep branch between Reeves and me. My station commanded the entrance to this, between thirty and forty yards' distance, and, as she came out after a short time and stood, I let fly right and left, and back she went. I reloaded as quickly as possible: on receiving another shot she came towards my position, and as she passed under me I fired the other barrel into her. I then supposed she would get into a deep little gully immediately on my right, so I went to the rear, mounted my horse—drew near, all ready. Low growls or rather moans were all that was now to be heard, and after some time all was silent. Ravenscroft shot into some brushwood near where I had last seen her, but there was no growl of defiance in answer thereto, and he narrowly

escaped a serious accident: he had fired from off his horse, and in reloading cast the butt of his gun over on his left foot, he was on the point of putting in the powder when the other barrel went off, two balls passing his face without injury.

"We now tried to light the grass both above and below where she was supposed to be, but it would not burn well; there were some dry thorns near the top of the gully which cracked famously, and this was not more than twenty yards long—still nothing was heard or seen of the enemy, and we all began to be impatient, and of one opinion that she was dead.

"Seeing a native with a drawn sword going towards this gully, I got off, and accompanied him, wishing to look into it, if possible, and expecting to see her dead at the bottom. It was some twelve or fifteen feet deep, and the banks, nearly perpendicular, had long grass and brushwood growing thickly up them. By bending this on either side with the muzzle of my gun, I was enabled to see into it tolerably well, and was on the point of giving it up, when my eye caught sight of a patch of her yellow hide. It was no use firing, as I could not tell whether it was her head or her tail: but before I could make out a mortal spot to aim at, she was up and scaling the bank, roaring furiously. The native made off. As she pushed on, I fired into her—but still on she came; and as she gained the top, I aimed at her breast. You may conceive my feelings when she dashed my gun aside with her paw as I pulled the trigger; the contents flew harmless. She seized my Joe Manton—which, fortunately, is not injured, though it will always bear her mark—just above the locks. I now turned to run for it; and then Reeves proved himself the friend in need: he was standing on the opposite bank of the deep branch before-mentioned, full thirty yards from me: ere I had gained five paces she sprang upon me. Until I had turned, my body was between Reeves and her: and in the short space thus allowed him, he fired both barrels, both taking effect—one striking her in the spine caused instantaneous death. I, of course, was underneath her; she was very heavy; and as I struggled, it came across me to lie still (as poor Woodhouse, of my regiment, did when similarly situated with a lion), but finding I rather freed myself, I worked on, and gained my legs, just as Ravenscroft came running to my rescue, who, by way of a settler, put a ball into her head—and there she lay, a fine four or five-year-old tigress, with my hunting cap in her mouth. Only one of her teeth reached my head, and that but very slightly at the back; in fact, I may say that I escaped unhurt, having only one rather deep claw on my left fore-arm, and merely the skin raised by her claws on the back of my left shoulder.

United Service Journal for April, 1838.

ENGLISH JOCKIES OF 1838.

BY JEFFERY JEFFERCOT.

Of all those who labor for their daily bread, the Jockey is the most industrious. From an early age he is obliged to undergo a rigid and continued system of preparation, which gives him a frame of iron. His diet is the most simple that can be imagined; and the severity, which he is obliged to use when sweating for any particular race, would soon reduce to weakness any frame except his. The jockey requires both a good head and a fine hand in riding. He is not engaged to sit on his horse like a bale of goods, but to ride him, to aid him when in difficulties, and to prevent him unnecessarily throwing away his strength.

There is not a more interesting sight than half a dozen of the finest horses in the world assembled at the starting post; their fine sleek sides, shining like mirrors, and every motion redolent with gracefulness, with their diminutive riders clad in jackets that rival the splendor of the rainbow. The crowd seem all anxiety, and every eye is directed to the post; they are now off, and whirl away along the course at a fearful speed; the jockey in *blue* (who seems to be the favorite) edges his horse away from the ruck, and seems quite content to remain last; they now appear again at the top of the course, a jockey in *yellow*, who has been running second for the last quarter of a mile, suddenly rushes forward, and improves the speed materially; the steeds seem scarcely to touch the ground; they reach the distance chair; and fly past it at a still more increased rate; the jockey in blue calls upon his horse and is answered in a moment, the noble animal puts forth his best energies, and is in front immediately. The other jockies have recourse to steel and whipcord, and the issue seems doubtful, they are all six abreast; the winning post is close at hand; blue pulls his horse gently, and is behind for an instant, only to spring forward with renewed vigor and bear away the prize by a head. The sky is filled with clamor, and thousands of voices are heard, disputing concerning the victor, until the judge gives out that blue has won.

The horses are now brought gently back to the weighing house, and the fortunate rider is considered almost a deity, by the assembled crowds. Bright eyes smile upon him—my Lord George and Sir Thomas, both compliment him highly on his skill—the trainer, who is in waiting, gives him a glance that repays him fully for his labor;—and the owner of the horse hastens to present him with a more solid mark of his approbation. But the other five jockies, where are they? Oh, they are each whispering something in the ears of their respective masters, and are no doubt giving them information as to the why and wherefore they were not more successful; the pace has told against one; the weight against another; and several other reasons are adduced, which concern neither you nor me.

It may now be allowable to say some little concerning the jocks of the present day, and for this purpose we will divide them into Northern and Southern:—Of the southern jocks, pre-eminent above all the rest, stands James Robinson confessedly the best jockey of the present day. His seat is most excellent, and his hand fine, with a temper as good as his riding. He is at pressnt rider for his lordship of Jersey and others; and is considered half a stone better than any other of his brethren of the snaffle and jacket.

Samuel Chifney is a jock of the first class, and for scientific riding has few equals. No one who saw the match between Priam and Lucetta—Chifney and Robinson—will ever forget the splendid display of good riding on both sides. Robinson took the lead, with Chifney right in his wake; if he attempted a look over his left shoulder to see how his adversary was running, Sam was bent on the off side, and clear of eye-shot; the race was run entirely in this manner, nor did James ever get a sight of Sam until he challenged and passed him. His temper is very good, but when much put out of his way, his knock-down argument is very convincing.

Amongst the other first-rate hands are Nathaniel Flatman (better known by the name of Nat), who rides for the Chesterfield stable, &c.; Arthur Pavis, (the handsomest jock at Newmarket); Patrick Conelly, a frank, good hearted Irishman, and a very clever rider; "honest" John Day; and several others *quos nunc perscribere longum est.*

In the north, one of the principal Luminaries is William Scott, whose self-possession and nerve are well known. Only twice has he been foiled and shewn want of them, in both cases his antagonist was James Robinson. Owing to the unfortunate accident with Epirus at Doncaster last year, it is feared that he will not again shew on the Turf, to which he has been so long an ornament.

Thomas Lye rider to the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Eglinton, Mr. S. L. Fox, and others, has been a very successful jockey, and his talents are equal to his success. Seldom has he been outgeneralled, and his head often does him good service at the start and the finish.

Samuel Darling, rider to Sir R. Bulkeley, Mr. Mostyn, Mr. Houldsworth, &c., is a very good hand at "persuasion," and if a horse can win, under his guidance he is sure to do so.

Sam Templeman, who officiates for Sir Thomas Stanley, is also another good rider, and his presence of mind is proverbial, his manner of bringing his horse in at the finish, we must admire.

John Holmes, at present in the service of Sir James Boswell, &c., has shewn himself to be a finished workman, and the manner in which he rode Sir James' famous horse General Chasse on many occasions, has elicited the approbation of many of the leading men on the turf.

Amongst the other *Northern lights*, we have only room to mention Harry Edwards, who is every thing that a jockey should be; M. Jones, a very promising young man; Cartwright, Lear, Arthur, jun., and Whitehouse, who, by-the-bye, with ordinary attention and industry, will soon reach the top of the tree in his profession.

London Sportsman for April, 1838.

We copy from the London Sun the following compliment to Mr. W. Penson, the late able leader of the orchestra of the Park Theatre.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE.—The members of the orchestra of Madame Vestris' Theatre, at a dinner given by them to Mr. W. Penson, the leader, on the 10th inst., presented him with an elegant chased silver cup and salver. Upon each is engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to their respected leader, Mr. W. Penson, by the band of Madame Vestris' Royal Olympic Theatre, April 10th, 1838." A circumstance tending to convince that the strictest discipline can be always co-existent with an urbanity of deportment as pleasurable to the governed as the governor.

A sailor who had served on board the Romney, with Sir Home Popham, after returning home from India, finding that wigs were all in fashion, bespoke a red one which he sported at Portsmouth, to the great surprise of his companions. On being asked the cause of the change of colour in his hair, he said it was occasioned by his bathing in the Red Sea.

Cost of a Watch.—During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist, demanded how much the repair would come to. The watchmaker looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh! if that's all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor, "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have give for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

THE SNUFF-BOX.

A TALE OF WALES.

Of all the inhabitants of our isles,—and there are still many distinct tribes whose Celtic, Gallic, Danish, Saxon, and Norman descent can be traced in a moment,—there are none more peculiar in character than the Welsh, or ancient Britons. You may gull a Cockney, rob a Damnonian, cheat a Yorkshireman, or out-Jew a Scot; but a Welshman is not to be done: a natural and inborn acuteness protects him from the deepest stratagems, and a leek ought certainly to be the symbol of the Goddess of Wisdom.

This is a brief preface to the brief history of a tour of pleasure made by a very accomplished English gentleman into Wales; the interesting mining operations of which country he was desirous to investigate, not only for the promotion of a great scheme in which he himself was engaged, but for the patriotic purpose of rendering them more extensively useful, and disseminating their products of wealth more diffusely over the empire.

Mr. George Hampden was a man who, yet in the early prime of life,—for he was little more than thirty,—had seen a great deal of the world. His fund of information was prodigious; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, and so readily did he lend his ear to what others might truly think the insignificance of common-place intelligence, that no one could suspect his depth, or fancy that he was ought above those easy, good-humored listeners, who, destitute of any precise object of their own, are readily seduced into a passing interest in the concerns of the communicative who choose to make everybody that comes near them a confidant in their bosoms' business and secrets. Quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly, and withal good-looking, such was the hero of our tale, Mr. George Hampden. He had travelled far, as we have hinted; but so modest was his nature, that he never intruded the circumstances of his journeys upon society. He had ample materials for the publication of a tour; but he never wrote one.

With the views to which we have alluded, he proceeded by the Quicksilver coach to Exeter; and thence, by the branch, to Truro, where he began his explorations of the rich mines, which, since the days when the Carthaginians used to trade with the natives at the Market Jew, *alias* Marazion, were never examined with more philosophical acumen and sagacity. From Falmouth to the Land's-End, and from the Land's-End whither nobody could tell, he descended every shaft, and tried every lode. A dozen of hampers filled with arranged specimens, and a dozen of bags containing the more recent discoveries, vouched for the diligence of his labors, and the extent of his research. He had seen more veins than Mr. Henwood, collected more minerals than Mr. Carne, and examined more mines than Mr. Taylor. He had lead from Llangynog, quartz from Esqyr Mwyry, chlorite from Dolfrwynog, copper from Old Crinnis, silver from Tolcarne, tin from Wheal Vor, fluor from Wheal Gorland, barytes from Lanescol, zinc from Penstruthal, gossan from Gwennap, scovan from St. Austell, capel from Anglesea, iron from Yniscedwin, pyrites from Tresavean, blende from Dolcoath, gold from Glen Turret, shale from Drwysoed, sulphur from Brynfellin, fluccan from Allipies, killas from Llandidno, elvan from Polgooth, plumbago from Coed-y-Crae; besides cobalt, felspar, talc, calc, serpentine, cyanite, lepidolite, prehnite, laumonite, zeolite, zoidite, wavellite, chrysolite, tremolite, hæmatite, svenite, titanite, chlorite, actynolite, lucullite, augite, anthracite, gypsum, trap, mica, zircon, antimony, alum, calcedony, jasper, schorl, manganese, nickel, and a hundred other *ites* and spars, all labelled in the most precise and curious manner; so that no one could for a moment doubt his prodigious acquirements in the sciences of mineralogy and geology, as connected with the grand operations of mining. Sedgwick's hammer was but an idle toy compared to his: he could have taught Lyell, Phillips, and Murchison, more than they knew.

Thus laden and accomplished, Mr. Hampden at length reached Swansea, where he took up his quarters for a season, to observe the nature of the valuable ores which are stamped and sold there, from every quarter of the globe,—from Chili and from Norway, Copiapo and Treloweth, West Cork and Cobre, Ballymurtagh and Cuba, Carn Brea and Valparaiso. With his usual modesty, he took genteel and moderate lodgings, and by no means pressed himself upon public notice. He watchfully attended the mart, to be sure; and, like any other common stranger, pretty constantly frequented the newsroom. Here, by degrees, he grew into a slight and partial acquaintance with that class of the inhabitants whose habits led them to a similar mode of passing the time; and, in a few weeks, conversation produced invitation, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable citizens of the place. Simple in his manners, well-informed and unostentatious, he rose into general favor; and, as familiarity increased, he gradually let out a portion of his private history and present views. One day after dinner, at Mr. Dobbes', he first exhibited the snuff-box which gives a title to our tale, and upon which hinged an event very important to his future destiny. It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a chest; it was of the finest gold, and so richly chased that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques which, as it were, flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid, a very bank of large diamonds was surmounted by a regal crown, where sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies, of almost inestimable size and value, alternated round the coronet; whilst the centre-top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a turquoise of nearly equal rarity; and below it, as if forming part of a lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge ran a wavy circlet of gems; and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters, "G. H." were let in, and embedded more deeply in the golden matrix. To say that no one in Swansea had ever seen such a box, is to say nothing; we question that Rundell and Bridge ever set eyes on its fellow, or that the Queen of England could have such a treasure made for her from all the jewels belonging to her bright inheritance; that which the Pasha of Egypt gave to Sir David Baird, and which Lady Baird presented to Theodore Hook for his excellent biography of her heroic husband, is a mere bauble to it. No wonder that it was greatly admired, and that curiosity was excited as to what might be its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carelessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that, in fact, it was unique. Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about with him naturally followed: but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head; that he seldom took it from its safe repository; that he had only removed it to-day, as he purposed attending the town-ball on the morrow evening; and that, after all, he prized it more as a testimony of royal friendship than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbes for inspection; and the following inscription on the inside was read by him, and all the guests at table:—

Presented
by his Majesty, Louis the First,
King of Bavaria,
to
GEORGE HAMPDEN, Esquire,
English-Man;
in grateful consideration of his extraordinary services:—
This token,
together with the sum of 20,000 florins,
(the same to be paid annually to him for ever,)
will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of the high esteem of his
Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery of the
inexhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpuhl, the prosperous working of which
commenced A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of incalculable
magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which, however, seemed to add a personal interest to the gift, the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by his Majesty himself; and, that when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs for ever a well-secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which indeed might easily be paid, since the Kitzpuhl mine had, within the first three months, produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanaxuato, the Real del Monte, the Bolanos, the Dolores, the Gallega, and the Zacatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the compass of a whole year. Mr. Hampden farther explained that his present tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with this momentous subject; and that, from the experience he had now acquired, he did not doubt but that his royal patron would be enabled to double or quadruple his immense resources by pursuing similar measures at the Wenzel in Furstenberg, which he had by his advice purchased from the proprietors.

From this period, it is needless to state, that Mr. Hampden became an objeet of peculiar attention to the good people of Swansea. At the ball to which we have alluded he danced with Miss Mary Patten, Miss Greenfield, and Miss Betty Bolthose, the three richest heiresses in the county; and the latter, in particular, being already the owner of a lion's share in the famous black tin mines of Charlestown, besides a fair slice in the copper of Knockmahon. Chance gave Mr. Hampden the happiness of handing this fair Welsh lady to the supper-room, and placed him by her side at the refection. Among other topics for chat the snuff-box was not forgotten; and Miss Bolthose was gratified with an inspection of the gorgeous but well-deserved Bavarian present. She was enchanted by its beauty, and not less pleased by observing that its owner appeared to be mightily struck with hers. Yet she could not be called beautiful; for, though her features were tolerably regular, her complexion was rather of a coppery color, and her dark eyes had a dullish cast, not very unlike that of black tin. It was strange that her fortune, certainly not short of thirty thousand pounds, had not propelled her into matrimony; but the truth was, that old Bolthose, her father, was of a very miserly disposition, and had thrown cold water on all the suitors who had aspired to his daughter's person and purse. Thus she was still in single blessedness at the age of twenty-seven, when our hero was introduced to her notice. We will not dwell on the ordinary matters which ensued,—on the morning-call after the dance, or the intimacy that speedily followed. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hampden contrived to make himself so agreeable to the lady, and to all parties concerned in her disposal, that, within three weeks after the ball, he was daily received at Tincroft House as the accepted lover of its fair mistress. Like a skilful miner, he blew up the furnace of her affections, and struck while the iron was hot. The shaft had reached her heart, and the ore was malleable: in fine, they were united in the parish church of Swansea; and Miss Bolthose became Mrs. George Hampden, the wife of the wealthy discoverer of Kitzpuhl, and thus part-proprietor of the royal box, as he was of her handsome dower of thirty thousand pounds.

Fetes and feasting attended the auspicious union, and a happier couple were never tasting honeymoon, when a trifling but unlucky accident happened to jar the harmony and interrupt the felicity of the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, a week after their marriage, were giving a small party to their most intimate friends, the Dobbes', Pattens, Greenfields, and a few others, (some of the females not being over-joyful at the triumph of their late companion,) and the wine and glee were contagious of good-humor. Winks, and nods, and wreathed smiles played round the social board; and the box of boxes passed from hand to hand. At this moment a rude and vulgar fellow burst abruptly into the room; and immediately behind him followed a still dirtier and more disreputable-looking rascal. What was the astonishment of the company when they saw the former march up to Mr. Hampden, and slapping him on the shoulder, heard him exclaim—

"Aha, Master Smith! so I've nabbed you at last!"

The bridegroom was almost convulsed with confusion, while the ruffian ran on,—"And, my eyes! I say, Jem, if there isn't the werry box, too! Vell, my trump! I hope you can pay for it now; but in order to make sure, you vill allow me to pocket it for the meanwhile;" which saying, he grabbed the King of Bavaria's diamond crown, just as if it had been Birmingham or Sheffield. And, not to keep our readers any longer in suspense, it was of that sort. The gold was mosaic, the stones were Bristol, the manufacture London, the inscription Mr. Hampden's. His mining was of the sort called Undermining; his foreign travel had been among kangaroos; and his present most successful pursuit was entirely the plot which made Swansea his resting-place, and the Welsh heiress of Charlestown, Knockmahon, and Tincroft House his blooming bride. It was a bad business; but what was to be done? "Of a bad bargain," says the song, "make the best." It was an easy matter to settle with the bailiffs, as the arrest was only for eighty guineas, being nothing else than the price of the snuff-box to a Jewish trader in St. Mary Axe; but then came the mortification and disgrace of such a connexion! Miss Patten tittered, and Miss Greenfield laughed at the *denouement*; and poor Mrs. Hampden was obliged to be satisfied with his assurance that her lord and master would turn honest man, and behave like a gentleman,—which, if he does, will be a wonderful change, and worthy of award more real than the fine Bavarian royal box.

Bentley's Miscellany for April, 1838.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PETTICOATS.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—MARSHALL *vs.* WITHAM.—Miss Juliana Carolina Witham, a young lady (!) of a "certain age," neat, trimly dressed, and withal developing upon her "*outward form*" all that linen-drapery could do for her, was summoned by Miss Marshall before Lord Dubois, for the sum of 4s. for making and trimming a certain dress.

Miss Juliana, like Spring-heeled Jack, seemed wonderfully confident, and looked at the jury with an air that not only mightily tickled their fancies, but made Mr. Dubois himself pretty considerably "all-overish." Miss Marshall, on the contrary, was like Niobe, "all tears;" her careworn features at once showed that (as John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet hath it)—

"She was a child of poverty,
A victim doomed to misery"—

subject to all the ills that dress-makers are heir to—a living martyr to the pampered pride and taste of her own gentle and considerate sex!

Lord Dubois—Pray what is this four shillings for, Miss Marshall?

Miss Marshall—Sir, I have done much for this lady: I have toiled night and morning, but all I claim now is the trifle for making up that last dress.

Miss Juliana (theatrically)—Oh fie, my lord; I will my tale unfold. (Laughter.)

Lord Dubois—Not just now, if you please.

Miss Juliana (producing the dress, and assuming what kings call "an imposing attitude")—My lord, it fits me not—(laughter)—there is a shape in the concerns of women, which taken at the—— (laughter)

Lord Dubois—Now, pray confine yourself to your answer.

Miss Juliana—My lord, I will—

"Look on this dress,
'Tis done—now look on me—my round about—
My length and breadth—then say if this 'ear fits:
Not that I love the muslin less, but that
I love the fashion more!
See, there's a shape the envious woman's made!" (Laughter.)

Lord Dubois—Now, pray spare us that scenic display. Do you mean to tell us that the dress don't fit—and that that is the reason you won't pay?

Miss Juliana—Just so, my lord.

Lord Dubois—Then we must trouble you to fit it on, Miss Juliana.

Miss Juliana (simpering)—Oh dear—lor—now, only think—well, I never—well, if—what—why—mercy on me! (Laughter.)

A Juryman—Come, come, Miss, that's rather a long string of exclamations; you'd better pay the poor girl, and have done with it.

Miss Juliana—Yes; but you are not dress-makers, I hope, gentlemen. I assure you it don't fit, not at all, and I can't get it on; besides that, 'tis not fashionable. (Laughter.)

The dress was here exhibited to the jury, after the manner of "mine uncle." It certainly appeared somewhat Lilliputian for the Brobdignag appearance of Miss Juliana; but there is no telling what the effect of a *bustle* might have had. There is an *art* and *mystery* about ladies' dresses that exceeds the philosophy of we of the *unfair* sex. We therefore modestly plead ignorance as to shoulder-pads, down sleeves, shoulder improvers, hip helpers! or, indeed, any other of the Corinthian adjuncts, so minutely described by Dean Swift.

The jury ultimately decided that the money was to be paid, and Miss Carolina Juliana Witham, having looked "ell wide" at Miss Marshall, quitted the court in an agony of dignity—

"*Twist* in her steps, *lace* in her eye—
In every gesture *bomazin* and *tape!*"

A gentleman in court observed that it was much to be pitied, while so many sentimal fair ones were interesting themselves in behalf of the woolly-headed Africans in the West Indies, no sigh is breathed, nor any voice raised for the poor *white slaves* at home! The poor milliner! She sickens over her midnight and never-ceasing toil, and who shortens her number of days for the gay and wealthy, her health gone, and her spirit bowed down to the earth! Surely something might be done for her in the way of emancipation.

THE LOVE CHASE.—This was a summons for 8s., for making shirts. The defendant, a shambling-looking fellow, as ugly as Vulcan, and apparently as disagreeable as he was dirty, had, it appeared, at one time, paid his gentle addresses to the pretty little plaintiff, and during this veritable courtship the shirts in question had been made. The case excited considerable laughter, from the artless manner in which Miss Davidson told her story.

In the month of August last it pleased the fickle god Cupid to cause the ugly defendant, John Hoggin, and the pretty plaintiff, Miss Davidson, to fall in love with each other. Love, however, is blind!—

"And ladies' hearts are surely soft,
Or else they would not change so oft."

The shirts were made, and the demand for payment also. John Hoggin first said he "shouldn't pay;" on a second application, he observed that he "couldn't;" and on the third, he boldly came forward and said he "*wouldn't!*" hereupon issue was joined. First, the beautiful Mr. John Hoggin was summoned to the Tower Hamlets Court; the sight of the summons, however, induced him to take up his quarters in the city; here the indefatigable Miss Davidson followed her "*fause luve*," and again summoned; again did the false *Florimel* shift his quarters into the county of Middlesex; and on this "debateable ground" she brought the present action. The jury observed that the conduct of the ugly defendant was anything but proper, and awarded the full amount claimed—

"In this queer world some make a *shift*,
And, doubtless, are expert;
But ah—'tis quite another drift,
To keep a decent *shirt*."

Master John Hoggin may, possibly, some day relent; and had he made a *shift* to remunerate Miss Davidson for his *shirt*, he might possibly have escaped the immortality of a visit to the Middlesex County Court.

A GRAND SPORTING MATCH for two suppers a-side, came off yesterday between the celebrated trotting horses Sacarapa and Sleepy David. Half-mile heats and repeat. The purse was taken by Sleepy David, who proved that he was wide awake—a sluggish one to look at, but a good one to go. The first heat was won without much effort by old Sleepy, coming in two feet ahead. The second was gallantly contested by Sacarapa, who put in all he knew, but David was not to be had, and passed the winning post one foot and three inches ahead, amidst the cheers of the spectators. On rubbing down, he was found to be in high spirits, and not the least distressed.

Bos n Transcript.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1838.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND SPRING MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

This meeting commenced under more favorable auspices than the last, the weather, track, and attendance being good. Two only came out for the first race—a Sweepstakes made up for colts that never won a race. Mr. STEVENS nominated the Celeste colt *Seminole*, and Mr. BATHGATE (Mr. NEWBOLD'S) Imp. colt by The Colonel, out of a sister to *Sailor*, and also a colt by Imp. Victory, out of an own sister to old Eclipse, a fine old brood mare, who has just dropped a superb colt to Imp. *Trustee*. The Victory colt was eventually started—the first of his get, we presume, that ever made a track in the country, as it will probably be about the last, for he was drowned, as many of our readers may remember, in March, 1836, on going aboard a steamboat here, on setting out for the West. The race was not of much account, the Victory colt winning the 1st heat by a scant half length, and losing the other two by half a dozen each. The Victory colt has great length with quite too much daylight under him to get round the turns well; his shoulder is very fine; he is a blood bay, with no other white than a small star, and about 15½ hands.

SECOND RACE.—The match between Messrs. LIVINGSTON and STOCKTON was a different sort of an affair. *Job* is *one* of the very finest colts Mr. Livingston ever bred, and no man has bred more or better ones in this country, while the Miss Mattie filly *Caroline* would be a trump card in anybody's hand. The match was for $1000 a-side, P. P., Mile heats, and the betting very heavy at 2 to 1 on Job. The latter was looking finer than ever we saw him, and LAIRD thought nothing but another Mingo could live with him; besides, Laird had upon him his little son *Joe*, a chip of the old block. Caroline, a prominent favorite in the great Stake of $44,000, was amiss; she has frequently been lame this Spring, from curbs, and was evidently weak to-day, fretting and scouring from the moment she was brought on the track. She is a beautiful bay filly, without white, with a fine head and neck, and a shoulder that is a perfect nonpareil. Her only fault lies in her Eclipse hocks, the peculiar formation of which induce curbs. She has a surprising turn of speed, and if turned out until next Spring, will astonish the natives when she comes on the track right, for so promising a 3 yr. old filly we have not seen this season.

Caroline drew the track, but at starting Job cut into it, and they went at a tremendous pace to the half mile post (running it in 53 s.); soon after Job drew out a little, and finally came home a gallant winner in 1:49, by a length in the clear. Job won the 2d heat with a good deal more ease, though Caroline lapped him to the hill, but here she became so weak that her stride could not carry her over it, and Job made a gap of three lengths, which she could not close.

The Purse race which succeeded, introduced John Hartman across *Shepherdess*, Gil. Patrick on *Gracchus*, Kelsey's *Eliza Derby*, and McCoun's *Jack Andrew*. The jocks, and not the horses, were backed; Gil. was the favorite until it was found that Johnny Hartman was up. Gil. had the track, and maintained it from end to end, winning the 1st heat by about half a length from Jack Andrew, Shepherdess having given it up on the 2d quarter. The 2d heat was contested with immense spirit. Shepherdess led from the start, with Gracchus 2d; after a desperate tussle up the straight side home, with claret flowing on all sides, the Judges pronounced the thing a dead heat. The 3d heat, Shepherdess and Gracchus came out nose and tail, the latter punished to no purpose inside the gate, and the 4th heat Shepherdess won cleverly by several lengths, after a very game and interesting race. Abbott's mare was looking in better condition than usual, which he accounted for on the ground that he had commenced training her himself, by turning her into a large lot, and chasing her round with a whip! Summary of the day's sport:—

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Seminole*, by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry	2	1	1
James Bathgate's b. c. by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill by Duroc	1	2	2

Time, 1:53½—1:54—2:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $1000 a-side, P.P. Weights as before. Mile heats.

W. Livingston's b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 3 yrs. Joseph Laird.	1	1	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 3 y	2	2	

Time, 1:49—1:54.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 year olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs.—m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, 6 yrs. John Hartman.	4	0	1	1
Maj. William Jones' b. c. *Gracchus*, by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	1	0	2	2
Jerome Snedecor's gr. f. *Eliza Derby*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Maid of the Oaks by Hickory, 4 yrs.	3	3	3	dis
Willet McCoun's ch. c. *Jack Andrew*, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	2	4	dr	

Time, 1:50—1:50—1:53½—1:57.

SECOND DAY.

The weather, track, and sport to-day was tip top—"never better, if as good." The distance was Two mile heats, purse $300. Of the seven entries, it is very difficult to state correctly which was first favorite; but the betting was general, and to a considerable amount. Of the entries, McCOUN'S *John R.* was the first; he is a Henry, out of old Grasshopper, and was looking about right for a fierce scuffle, besides having the advantage of a capital jock on his back in Dick Kendall, an intelligent, wide awake son of Jas. B. K., of Baltimore. Next was Mr. COSTER'S *Ajax*, but the 126lbs. he was obliged to take up, caused his friends to fight shy. Capt STOCKTON'S *Bergen* was the 3d entry, and had the call in the betting over anything else, having won his four mile match last week, at Camden, like a top. Mr. STEVENS' *Tom Moore* came next; he was looking pretty well, and would have been backed at large odds, but for his weight, 126lbs. The 5th was Mr. GIBBONS' *Shadow*, a splendid black colt by Eclipse Lightfoot; he was too high, and otherwise amiss, but had many friends, notwithstanding his owner publicly declared him to be out of condition. Mr. HAMLIN'S *Suffolk*, in Col. JOHNSON'S stable, came next; he appeared weak, and a good deal tucked up; from his defeat over the Beacon Course a fortnight since, and his stale appearance, his former friends were not very sweet on him, and though he won in the most gallant style, his party could not have been heavy winners. The 7th and last entry was Messrs. HALL'S *Young Lady Lightfoot*, in LAIRD'S stable—a delicate, beautiful creature, own sister to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, and other first raters. She will be 4 years old on the 28th inst., and never has started before—indeed, it is not above two months since she was taken up. She is a bay without white, 15½ hands high; from running with her shoes on last year, her feet are small as a yearling's. Her shoulder, loin, head, and quarters, are very fine; there is every indication of a curb on both legs, as in the case of all Lady Lightfoot's stock, but she has not yet suffered from that cause, and perhaps never will; her sisters, the two Marias, never did, we believe, though Shark, and others of the family, were always complaining. Before starting, this filly and Bergen were taken vs. the field, even.

The Race.—After a foul start, entirely owing to John R.'s trainer, Bergen got off with the lead, but John R., who drew the track, headed him at the gate, and made strong running throughout the heat. On the back side of 2d mile, the tailing was immense; for a moment John R. led the field nearly a distance. At the hill, Bergen and Tom Moore took up a better position, while Jem Wood ordered Shadow's rider to "pull up his head!" Mistaking the trainer's order, the boy pulled him back from a good 4th to a bad 7th place, and he was finally shut out by a scant length. On the last turn a smart brush ensued between Bergen and Tom Moore for the 2d place, but Tom having the inside, came in front, and at the ending post was 2d, and Bergen 3d, both well up, John R. winning the heat in sporting style in 3:45.

The betting was now even on Bergen, vs. the field—at least this was the current offer. And for this, the *Second heat*, at least half a dozen foul starts occurred, mainly owing to Tom Moore, who could not be got off; he was started at length, not exactly by tying crackers to, or setting fire to his tail, but by an expedient equally ingenious. We are glad to remark in this place that the President of the Club gave notice at this time to owners, trainers, and riders, that hereafter, when the time of starting had arrived, the drum would be tapped, and the horses that were ready would go, without any regard to others in the field, and the parties were advised to govern themselves accordingly, which they will, no doubt, to the manifest improvement of late practices on this course. On starting for the heat, Bergen got the advantage, and notwithstanding John Hartman "did his prettiest," John R. cut him down, and had the track before they reached the quarter mile post. At the hill, for the first time, Gil. Patrick called on Suffolk, who heretofore had been going sweetly in hand; he answered the call by collaring Bergen, and they ran locked to the draw-gate, when the former got in front, John R. still leading with a killing stroke. It was go along all the way down the back side of the 2d mile to the hill, where Gil. got his orders to bottle up Suffolk for a brush up the quarter stretch, and little Dick Kendall did the same good turn for John R. Of course Bergen headed the party, but Suffolk was let loose as they got into straight work on the last quarter, and outfooted Bergen up to the gate; the moment he declined, John R. came up with a rush, and after a very awkward scuffle, succeeded in placing himself 2d, and close up, and Bergen a good 3d, Suffolk doing all he knew; all three were jockied in masterly style, Suffolk winning the heat in 3:47.

For the *Third heat* John R. again got a bad start; Suffolk led off for it, but being taken in hand, Bergen and Ajax passed him at the quarter mile post, though the odds were now 100 to 40 on him. When they passed the stand on the 2d mile, John R. had got into a 3d place, Ajax being an ugly 5th, and getting no better very fast. At the first turn of the 2d mile, Tom Moore came in front, and made strong running down the back side, with Bergen waiting upon him. Bergen challenged at the hill, and Suffolk changed places with John R.; a very severe struggle now ensued, which continued to the end, Suffolk finally winning by three parts of a length, Tom Moore 2d, Bergen 3d, and John R. 4th, all well up—Ajax no where! This heat was run in 3:51, and with a single exception, the race is not exceeded by any at two mile heats, ever run on Long Island. The record is to this effect:—

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Purse $300, free for all ages; weights the same as in Tuesday's Purse race—Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, etc., 4 yrs. Gil. Patrick.	4	1	1
Willett McCoun's ch. c. *John R.*, by Henry, out of Grasshopper by Imp. Roman, grandam Garland, Post Boy's dam, 4 years.	1	2	4
Robt L. Stevens' ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, aged.	2	4	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	3	3	3
John H. Coster's ch. h. *Ajax*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Sarah by Duroc, aged.	6	5	dis
S. Laird's (C. H. & J. P. Hall's) b. f. *Young Lady Lightfoot*, own sister to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, etc., 4 yrs.	5	dist.	
Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 4 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 3:45—3:47—3:51.

THIRD DAY.

The race to-day was a hollow thing, though two pretty good horses, *Reindeer* and *Master Henry*, were entered for the $500 purse, against *Atalanta*. The odds were 2 to 1 on Atalanta, and people found considerable difficulty in getting on much at that price. Atalanta was in fine condition; she had not an ounce of superfluous flesh about her, and her eye and hair looked lively. Reindeer, it was feared, would give way in one of his fore legs, as he did last season; and sure enough he did in the last heat, within three lengths of the stand. Master Henry was not much fancied, notwithstanding he distanced Atalanta in the mud at Camden last Thursday.

The Race.—Master Henry took the track from Atalanta at the start, and led for two miles at a very indifferent pace, all three in hand, running the 1st mile in 2:04, and the 2d in 2:01. On the 2d mile, between the quarter and half mile posts, a trial ensued between Atalanta and Reindeer, which resulted to the former's advantage, and on the 3d mile, just after passing the stand, Gil Patrick got his orders to take the track and keep it, which he did handily, and won the heat by a length in 5:59.

The odds were now 100 to 10 on Atalanta, and few takers; in fact, the thing was out. Master Henry made the running with Atalanta the 1st mile, and then declined, and Reindeer took it up. They led alternately, Atalanta all the while in hand, and able at any moment to run over the party. As they came to the stand on the 3d mile, the three were nearly abreast; Gil let Atalanta out at the gate, and she maintained her stroke and lead to the end, winning with the utmost ease in 5:51. Here is the record:—

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse $500; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs. *Gilbert Patrick.*	1	1
S. Bradhurst's (Messrs. Pearsall's) ch. h. *Reindeer*, own brother to Alice Grey, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, aged.	3	2
James B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	2	3

Time, 5:59—5:51.

FOURTH DAY.

We have just returned from one of the most splendid races ever made on the American Turf—a four mile race that for time is nearly equal to that of Eclipse and Henry, and which could have been run in two seconds less than their first heat! The day was excessively warm, but the track as fine as it could well be. The entries were *Boston* and *Charles Carter*. The former (whom we have described before) was in condition to run for a man's life—with a cheerful eye, and a coat like satin—a wonderful machine, instinct with life and action, upon which every attribute of nature and science had been lavished to bring it to its utmost perfection. Charles Carter, though not amiss, was not by any means up to the mark. He was brought here from Fredericksburg, Va., in three days, a distance of 315 miles, by steamboat and railroad, and arrived late on Monday night. He took a gallop on Tuesday, and was brushed on Thursday afternoon with *Duane*; it was evident he had foot enough, but Mr. McCARGO thought him too high, and such was the universal impression to-day; two days more work would have made him fine as silk. He is a noble animal, of fine presence, about 15½ hands—a beautiful blood bay, without white, with black legs, mane, and tail. His head is prettily set on to his neck, which comes well out from broad oblique shoulders, the blades running well back; his eyes are prominent, and glowing with life, and his finely tapered ears are handsome, and set on wide apart, denoting unflinching game and courage. His chest is very deep and capacious, giving plenty of room for the action of the lungs; his back is somewhat long, yet arched a little over the fellets; he is of good length under the reach, and very well ribbed out, with moderately long and very heavy quarters; he stands clear and even upon a superb set of limbs, with a slight inclination of the pasterns; his tail is well set on, and he is very fine across the loins; the muscles of his thighs are large, and his thigh bones long and strong; altogether, he is one of the finest looking horses in the country, and entirely worthy of a stock that produced an *O'Kelly* and an *Ariel*. He was very well jockied by Mr. McCargo's *Stephen*, a light weight, carrying heavy pouches of shot on each thigh and around his waist. Boston had *Cornelius* up, his usual rider, and Jem Robinson, or Sam Day, could not have brought him home more gallantly. The odds were 100 to 20 on Boston, and his friends very anxious to "get on" at that price. *Decatur* would have been entered to-day, but was "tried" with Mr. LIVINGSTON'S *Nassau* on Thursday morning, and "found wanting;" in fact, he is turned out till the Fall.

The Race.—Charles Carter had the track, and went away at the tap of the drum a little in advance, under a strong pull, Boston waiting upon him, also in hand, about two lengths behind. Charles C. went to the half mile post in 55 seconds; they maintained this position to the straight side (just a quarter of a mile in length to the stand), where Boston crept up a little nearer, as he did each mile, when they got into straight work, falling off a little round the semi-circles. The 1st mile was run in 1:51, and the 1st half of the 2d mile in 58 seconds, Col. JOHNSON, as they passed the stand, bidding Cornelius "*pull him steady!*" Charles Carter came to the stand at the termination of the 2d mile over a clear length in advance, running it in 1:54, both in hand, but going with a killing stroke, Carter's style of running being the easiest, to our eye. "Pull him steady!" was again Napoleon's order at the stand, but at the quarter mile post Cornelius could hardly keep in check the irrepressible energies of the phenomenon under him; little Stephen, too, began to quake with his constant heavy pull, and giving the noble courser a lighter one, the pace mended, and the half mile was run in 55 seconds. Boston pressed him all the way down the backside to the hill, where he first lapped him, and they went over it like stones from a catapult in the olden time. Round the turn they come, nearly neck and neck, at a flight of speed—every moment the interest increases, both horses running on their courage without a touch of whip or spur; when they came to the stand, Charles Carter had his head in front, running the 3d mile in 1:51½: not a sound was heard in the breathless excitement of the moment, until, after they had passed the stand a few lengths, Col. JOHNSON'S order to "*Take the track!*" gave a thrill to the excited thousands on the stand. Giving the generous animal his head, seemed to impart to him new life and courage, "nobly to justify his training;" with redoubled efforts he gallantly charged his unflinching rival, and his immense stride and strength told in an instant; half a dozen tremendous strokes brought him in front, and at the quarter mile post he led by three lengths; Charles Carter, who had never before started in a four mile race, seemed to sulk as he was passed, and gave up his stride as if he had let down. Stephen rammed in the spurs, and he soon recovered his action, but not until Boston was forty yards ahead, and pulled up into a hand gallop. As soon, however, as Charles Carter came on, Boston again set to work, and came home an easy winner, running the last mile in 2:03½, and the heat in 7:40, Charles Carter pulling up lame in his off fore leg, inside the distance stand. It was apparent, when the horse was stopped that the smaller leader or *flexor* of his off fore leg had given way, and Stephen, his rider, states it gave way in the last quarter of the third mile. He might have run the heat out in 7:40 with ease, had he not broke down, and every turfman on the ground, is of opinion that Boston could have run the heat under 7:37—and many, two seconds less. The 1st and 3d miles were ran in 3:42½, and the 1st three miles in 5:36½—the best time ever made in America by all odds. The race was officially timed by Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, on the Club Stand, at whose side we stood to get the time of the different miles; several other gentlemen at his side who held watches agreed with him perfectly, and it is somewhat remarkable that the same time was reported by the gentleman who held the watch in the Judges' Stand. As a matter of easier reference, we give the time in another form:—

Time of First mile	1:51
" " Second mile	1:54
" " Third mile	1:51½
" " Fourth mile	2:03½
Time of the heat	7:40

Mr. McCARGO was now obliged, by the condition of his horse, to withdraw him, and the purse was accordingly given up to Boston. In two hours after the race, Charles Carter had become quite lame; his leg was considerably swollen, and it was plain to all who visited him at his stable, that he bore no weight upon it. We regret having to convey intelligence so disastrous to his spirited owner, Mr. SYMMES, of Virginia, but are strongly in hopes his horse may yet recover to "fight his battles o'er again." Should he never make another, his race to-day will give his name a place in the annals of the American Turf, that might be envied by the best horses this country has ever produced.

It would have materially added to the interest of the contest had *Decatur* made the third entry; the time, we are persuaded, would have been better by four or five seconds, for it is the belief of several who have seen his trials that nothing short of Eclipse and Henry's time can beat him. No less a sum than $15,000 has been refused for him. Boston now stands alone in his glory; compliments would be thrown away on him or the stable from whence he comes "to fright the souls of fearful adversaries;" therefore, once more congratulating his friends on the bright laurels he has won, we conclude with the fervent hope that

"When he next doth run a race may we be there to see!"

Here is the record of the race:—

FRIDAY, June 1—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs. Cornelius.	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (Mr. Symmes) b. h. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, out of Fanny Hill by Clay's Sir William, 5 years.	2	dr

Time, 7:40!!—the best heat ever run in America, save Henry's 7:37.

SARAH BLADEN AND PICTON'S MATCH.

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) May 23d, 1838.

Friend Porter,—Knowing your anxiety to hear tidings from our track, I indite this and send by Express Mail, to inform you that the great match has come off with a most lame and impotent conclusion. It verified the homely adage that "*Parturient mountains often produce muscipular abortions.*"

You must know that my dear little wife made a special and gracious exception of this occasion, to permit me to leave home, and granted me leave of absence with much sage counsel, and finally reminded me that if I saw a handsome bonnet, she needed one. "My dear, I'll bring you two," said I. And the baby wanted a hat. "My dear, I'll bring it a dozen." Six gentlemen appointed at and after the race, to pay me money, and I had agreed to pay two persons I was indebted to at that time. The races had become quite an epoch; two of my friends were to start for Texas, another to North Carolina, and I myself to Mississippi, after the match race. An acquaintance has been fattening his horse for six weeks, to sell him at the races, and another has been providing money to buy a carriage there, and I was told a young couple in Maury County had appointed some day *after* the races, to get married.

Upon arriving in town, I found it perfectly full; at one of the Hotels I overheard the proprietor telling the bar-keeper, that in case he had to receive more company, there was still room for six on the floor. But still they came like flocks of wild pigeons visiting the settlements; some of them doubtless resembling the pigeons in other particulars; and where pigeons abound, hawks will hover, so of the latter there was at least *quantum suff.*

Now let us walk to GUNDEY'S, and I defy you to shut your ears against the rumors, the secrets that every body knows, the volunteer information that pours in upon you. There you hear that the Leviathan party are trying to buy *Picton* at sixteen thousand dollars, and bet all they can, play or pay, against him. Another says, Picton has let down and his sinew is bent like a hoop. Another had asked Col. WYNN about it, and there was nothing of it, the horse was as fine as silk. Another had ascertained that the Sally Hope filly was better than him at any distance, at his best—that she made a two mile trial in 3.52, and could beat *Martha Washington* that distance—and further, worse—and she would be selected to maintain the honor of the Luzboroughs. Another that there would be no race—that they would forfeit. Another stated that *Exotic*, and not *Sarah Bladen*, would be started on behalf of the Leviathans. All these matters remained uncertain until Tuesday, when the forfeit was deposited, and after Exotic's defeat it was made known that we were to have a race, and *Leila* was to be the nag. On Wednesday morning, as if for contradiction, a report prevailed for a time that Sarah Bladen had made a trial, and would forfeit.

Now let us to the Course; it had been showery for a week past, and on Monday night we had a regular drowning rain, after which it sprinkled occasionally until the race, so that all that rain could do to spoil the track had been effected; it was in the worst possible order. Betting ranged from 2 and 3 to 1 on Sarah Bladen. It was sinful the way the Mississippi paper was planked up; the start was delayed until after one o'clock, apparently to give full time to every one to settle their bets; some were hedging, but all was piled up, every dollar.

As I handed the bridle of my horse to the interesting coloured youth, without hats or shoes, for whom the Yankee ladies neglect darning stockings to publish their sympathy, I listened to the opinions in that circle. "Massa says and I guess Col. Wynn don't start Picton coss he get picked up." "No, Jeff. He start de Sally Hope, dat show he *hope* to *win*; dat not his right name, nohow: dey only call him so in old Virginia, coss he neber loose." I left the black gentlemen varying in opinion as much as the whites.

At the blowing of the horn, the champions, *Sarah* and *Leila* (who were "to do battle for the fame and honor of their sires" as your predicting correspondents have it) appeared at the stand. Sarah seemed to view the Luzborough with

"The stern joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Leila went off ahead, but a few bounds placed Sarah before her, Dick exerting all his strength to hold her in. She seemed to disregard the mud, or, as some one observed, ran fastest where it was deepest. In half a mile the tale was told, "the dog are dead," said some one. In a mile a blanket would have covered them both, provided it was a hundred yards long. Leila struggled hard after her, but she was outpaced; she couldn't shine, and had no link to let out; she could not keep up a perpetual brush. Sarah came out in a common canter, leaving her out of the distance. Time, 8:50. This solves the problem of the Leviathans running 4 mile heats, to the satisfaction of some, at least, amongst whom is

Your friend, SNAFFLE.

THE FOUR MILE RACE AT BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. BALTIMORE, May 20, 1838.

Dear Sir,—The following is a report of the race for the Jockey Club Purse, over the Central Course, near Baltimore.

FRIDAY, May 18, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; 4 year olds to carry 100lbs. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's br. c. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington	4 yrs	2	1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse,	4 yrs	1	2 dr
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy,	4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 7:42½—7:58½.

This was one of the most interesting, and perhaps, under all the circums tances may be regarded as *one* of the fastest races on record in our country. If the calculation is correct, which we have heard frequently made, that the Central Course is about *two seconds* longer in a mile, than the Long Island track—and we, then, allow for the difference of time which would have occurred, provided this race had been run on that, or any other track calculated to make quick time, (the Charleston track for instance,) it brings, of course, the first heat down to the extraordinary time of 7:34½, and the 2d heat to 7:50½, much less even than the apparent time in the celebrated match between Eclipse and Henry, although the proper allowance for the *difference of weight* carried on these respective occasions, will again leave a considerable preponderance in favor of the "great match," both as to time and importance. It is not necessary, however, to judge of this race *comparatively*; taken by itself, it is certainly an extraordinary race, and is well calculated to entitle the competitors in it to the most elevated place on the American turf, until some other aspirant can be found to equal or *eclipse* them.

On starting for the first heat, Peyton took the track—Duane close up under a steady pull, until they entered the back stretch of the 4th mile, when one of the most beautiful struggles ensued to the close of the heat we ever remember to have witnessed—it was one of those close and doubtful things, that until within a short distance of the winning post it was impossible to say whose heat it was to be. Bets were offered freely 2 to 1 upon Duane at every jump, as they came up the quarter stretch, his friends confident to the last that he must win the heat. Peyton beat him, however, by half a length. Bets at starting were 100 to 40 upon Duane against the field—after the first heat, *even* against Peyton

On starting for the 2d heat, Duane jumped off "wide awake," and took the lead, Peyton moving rather stiff, and discouragingly, as we thought, for his backers. He soon, however, shook off his momentary lethargy, and got under way in right down earnest, for before he had entered the back stretch at the top of the hill, he was several lengths ahead. It was evident that orders had been given to the riders to go along from the jump; at it surely enough they went. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." The first 3 miles were beautifully and doubtfully contested (run in 5:51), when the bad condition of Peyton began to tell—the apprehension entertained by his friends that he was too high in flesh, was now every jump becoming more and more fully confirmed. At the commencement of the 4th mile it was very evident he could not win. He continued his stride steady enough, however, until the last half mile, when his rider finding he could not possibly "endure unto the end" like a good Christian, to obtain the crown of glory, very prudently moderated his pace, and let Duane win the heat in 7:58½, which time would, of course, have been considerably reduced, had Peyton contended to the close of the race. We think, judging from the manner in which they both cooled off that they might have run out the heat in 7 or 8 seconds less than it is reported.

After the second heat, Peyton was withdrawn, and Duane allowed to walk round.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the probable result of the race, had the orders given to the riders been different. Whilst on one side, it is thought, that had Duane made play in the first heat, instead of trailing as he did, in the expectation of being able to win the heat by a brush, he might have decided the race in two heats—on the other side it is believed, that had Peyton not been quite so high in flesh, and had he been braced a little more in the first heat, (the truth is he was rode very disadvantageously, carrying a great deal of dead weight too) he might have succeeded in winning the second heat—but this of course is mere speculation, and we hazard no opinion of our own. Duane is a horse calculated to prove troublesome any where, and we should be very sorry to have much money up against him, yet at the same time it may be said of Peyton, that he is decidedly the most attractive looking colt of the two—having the most foot—and very beautiful indeed: perhaps, we do not say too much, when we add, that "take him for all in all," he has more good points about him, and is more *like a race horse*, than any colt we have seen stript this spring. He has since his race at the Central, passed into other hands. Mr. Kendall disposed of him to day to Col. Heth for $8000, having after the first heat refused 10,000, which we heard offered by two gentlemen of Virginia.

Col. Heth, we think, has done "wisely and well" in this purchase, and will no doubt by his experience and judgment, be enabled to bring Peyton out in the fall to add fresh laurels to his brow.

In alluding to this noble son of Virginia, Col. Heth, towards whom, perhaps, the epithet "*delighting* in horses" applied by Pindar to Hiero, might be used with the same propriety as to another distinguished gentleman on the turf—I mean Col. Hampton—whom I am sure I need not say to you, every one that knows his many excellent qualities must delight to honor—between whom and Col. Heth there is so much similarity in many respects,—so many striking and peculiar characteristics apparent, calculated to bind them to each other,

"to make them brothers,
Not in the fashion that the world puts on
But brothers in the heart,"

that I have not been able, as you see, to speak of *the one*, without thinking of *the other*, and thereby to pay this imperfect tribute of my respect and friendship to *both!* But what I was going to say, when I commenced this paragraph, was not what I have written; I merely intended to give you an "on dit" that Col. Heth has matched *Decatur* against Col. McCargo's *Steele*, for $25,000, h. f.; four mile mile heats, to be run at Washington between the 15th and 20th of October next. Either party to have the privilege of being off by paying $1000 forfeit within thirty days; and in addition to the above "good tidings," a match is talked of between *Peyton* and *Duane*, to come off also in the fall. J. B. I.

NORFOLK, May 27, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I have just observed in the Spirit of the Times of the 19th, in the account of the Kendall Course races, the remark, that in the two mile race, "the *knowing ones were hit hard, Harbinger being the favorite 2 to 1*." It would have been well for the person who sent you the account of the race, in justice to Harbinger, to have stated, that the horse run the first heat with the check of the bit in his mouth, one against the roof and the other against his tongue. Had not this mishap occurred to him, it is very doubtful whether Louisa Lee could have beat him, giving her in the advantages she had in training and management. Next fall she will no doubt have another chance to show her speed with him, but he will meet her on terms of equality. I am respectfully yours, X.

A *Regatta* took place at the Navy Yard, Washington, on Tuesday. A great crowd of fashionables were attracted to the spot. There were five boats entered:

No. 1. Captain George Ramsay's boat *Gipsy*.
No. 2. Lieut. Carter's (Navy) boat *Perry*.
No. 3. Lieut. Gardner's (Navy) boat *Fanny*.
No. 4. Doctor Foltz's boat *Alexandria*.
No. 5. Lieut Pinckney's (Navy) boat *Coquette*.

The Alexandria and Perry took the lead, and the former (a Whitehall boat of N. Y.) won the race with ease. The Navy boats were manned by U. S. seamen, each pulling six oars. The Alexandria was manned by *four* fine oarsmen. Dr. Foltz and the officers of the Fulton got up the entertainment It is seen that the New York boats lightly manned, and the odds against them, are too much even for our gallant tars. Star.

SPLENDID SPORT.—We learn from the Rochester Democrat, that it was determined the other day to solve the problem, whether the American side of Lake Ontario would not yield as fine salmon trout as the Canada shore opposite. Messrs. Billing-hurst and Mill-ford, (two good names,) whose profession as gunsmiths had given them probably a strong taste for all sorts of sporting, accordingly some time since trailed the lake with their *five mile* lines in all directions week after week, and with genuine fisherman's luck. They commenced at Braddock's Bay, which proving an utter failure, they proceeded out "to sea." After leaving out their lines for one night, they had the satisfaction to haul up *seventy-four* superb fat salmon trout, the king fish of the lakes for flavor, if we except perhaps the white fish, esteemed superior by some. Their aggregate weight was 700 pounds. Hitherto Rochester has been obliged to send to other places for her salmon-trout.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

In our last we barely informed our readers that "Boston won easily in two heats." The particulars are now subjoined. The entries were Boston, Decatur, and Medora, but the latter having carried off a Mile heats purse on the previous day, was not allowed to start, though there was no rule to the contrary, and she was entered for the mile purse with the understanding that her winning it would not preclude her starting for the Club purse on the day following. Objection being made to Medora's starting, a meeting of the Club was held, and the matter laid before them, and they finally enacted an *ex post facto* law to exclude her! If the Club think this "the fair thing," so be it—their opinion may be "*law*," but it will not be taken for "gospel" by a majority of turfmen. If Medora had been allowed to start, and the same Rule adopted, to take effect at any subsequent meeting, no objection, of course, would have been made, as the Rule is in force generally.

The race was won with perfect ease by Boston; the track was excessively heavy, so that the time was 8:36—8:41. Decatur, a long striding horse, slipped at every jump, while Boston, who runs close to the ground, maintained his foothold. Had the track been hard, the time would have been "low down among the forties," however the race might have terminated. The second Purse of $100, for mile heats, was not run for.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse $1000, free for all ages; 5 year olds carrying 114lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	5 yrs	1	1
Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk,	5 yrs	2	2

Time, 8:36—8:41.

Louisville Races.—A fine meeting is expected on the Oakland Course, commencing next Tuesday. Prentice's Journal speaks to the following effect:—

The large purses offered by the present proprietor, and the confidence reposed in him by the racing world, will have the effect to draw together at that meeting a very large number of fine horses. The following stables are already on the ground:—Mr. Moore's stable from Virginia, including the celebrated Corinna, the winner last Fall of 14 races; Mr. Miller's stable from Tennessee, containing 6 horses, all of which have been winners; Mr. M'Cumpsey's stable with 6, and Messrs. Ship & Underwood's stable. Messrs. Buford & Duke, S. Burbridge, Ward, R. Burbridge, Lindsay, Dicky, French, and Dr. Warfield will be here with full stables.

Col. Oliver has already made a great improvement in the appearance of things at Oakland. All the old stands have been torn down, and splendid ones erected on the outside of the course, which command a view of the whole track; a training track has been made on the inside of the course; the race track has been admirably graded; the quarter stretch has been widened; the road from Louisville to Oakland has been repaired, and other very valuable improvements have been made.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—For the Produce Stakes of $500 each, h. ft., 6 subs., three "came to taw."

Wm. L. White's ch. f. *Betsey Coleman*, by Goliah, out of Melinda		1	1
Richard Adams' ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir William		2	2
John W. Brockenbrough's gr. f by Timoleon, out of the dam of Westwood		3	3

Time, 1:54—1:56. A good race. Track rather heavy.

The Post Stake for 3 year olds was compromised, and consequently did not come off.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—For the Stake of $300 each, five subs., Mile heats, three started, viz:—

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Charles Carter		2	1 1
John S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Buccaneer		1	2 2
W. L. White's ch. c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliah, out of Philip's dam by Trafalgar		dist.	

Time, 1:52½—1:56—1:57.

The first was a tremendous heat. Mr. WHITE'S colt was the favorite, but, in making the turn, he fell.

In the 2d heat the Luzborough's hoof *shelved off*, so as to prevent him from "bucking up" to the Fylde. But that Fylde is not to be handled easily—and if there's any truth in "Boots," he stands first, the *very first*, on the list of chances for four milers. The way he went round them 'ar turns was really altogether his own. He stands over 5 feet 2 already, and looks over t'other side of the Alleghanies—and Lord ha' mercy! he "puts it down thick;" comes out as he begins, and goes on arterwards jest like both. 'Taint worth while to make a fuss nor nothin', but where that ar' animal goes, the big piles will sprout up thick around him you may depend. And how Mr. Billy Mac. gets hold of so many trumps is a thing known only to himself. Some say it's luck, but "hear my racket," it's raal *long-headedness*; for when you see him draw the "reed and cob" out of his pocket, and crumble up the "Orinoko," if the "dog ain't dead I'll be d——d." "Who won the stake?" "McCargo." "Who took the Proprietor's purse?" "Billy Mac." "Well, by G—d, who the h—ll got "the Club?" "Why, the same." "Well, then, I s'pose he's got everything?" "I rather think he has, as he picked up Saturday's purse. As he was about going away, he said, 'he'd as well *clear the kitchen* while he was about it, and not leave the fragments behind.'" Well I reckon he did; and that ain't the only one he's going to clear; he has "raal brand new brooms."

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at $150 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. f. by Sarpedon, dam not given		1	1
Wm. D. Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles		3	2
Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles		4	3
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley		2	4
Boling Vaughan's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles		5	5

Time, 1:55—1:55.

The Sarpedon filly is a very pretty and promising one, and likely to plague folks next year, and be a troublesome custo er any where, or in any crowd.

THURSDAY, April 26—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages; 3 year olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 121lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	4 yrs	1	1
T. P. Hare's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy,	4 yrs	4	2
John S. Corbin's ch. c. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler,	4 yrs	2	3
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. m. *Va. Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson,	6 y.	3	4
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand, out of Rowena by Sumpter,	5 yrs.	0	5
John Early's b. f. *Prim*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir William,	4 yrs	5	0

Time, 3:57—3:54.

Chifney made a gallant struggle for the second heat, but it wouldn't do.

FRIDAY, April 27—Jockey Club Purse $500, no discount, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Gen. Harvey's br. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	6 yrs	1	1
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. h. *Trio*, by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar,	6 yrs	3	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham,	5 yrs	2	3
J. P. White's ch. m. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, out of Clara Fisher,	5 yrs	4	4

Time not given.

No race at all—the General's horse beating with great ease; and catch him right, few, very few nags can catch him at all.

SATURDAY, April 28—Purse $200; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Sister to Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham		4	1 1
Dr. Semple's ch. c. by Standard, dam by Sir Archy,	4 yrs	2	2 2
John S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam unknown		1	3 4
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Sligo*, by Timoleon, dam omitted,	5 yrs	3	dr

Time, 3:55½—3.57—3:59. Track rather heavy.

Dr. SEMPLE'S horse showed great game throughout the race, as he was the contending nag in each heat.

Well, now that I have got through *Racing*, I'm going to give yon a little article upon the paradox of the *Breeding of the Blood Horse* in this part of the world.

You'll see a man send five or six mares to *high-priced* stallions, (*Priam* sometimes among them), and yet this same breeder can't be induced, by any sort of "grease," to come down to a Club List. Now what's he arter? Not "chunk," I'm sure; for there can't be no "chunk" where there ain't no fire. And if other breeders do as he has done, or means to do, where's the market for the "thoroughbreds?" No Racer will buy a colt, or horse, at a high price, when there are no large purses to be run for. One might buy a two-year-old for a heavy Tin-Stake, but after that the animal would be of no use to him about here, as there would be nothing to run for. Besides, to men who frequent bar-rooms, b——s, race-courses, and other scenes of sport, what is the pitiful contribution of *ten dollars, semi-annually*, for the continuance of a Club? It then turns out that *stingyness* is not the cause of their withholding the pittance, but merely a mistaken policy. Some who fancy themselves the *elite* of God's world, but who have neither birth, breeding, nor brains for that remarkable distinction, would fain put it upon the *odium* of being associated with so "unclean" a set as "members of a Jockey Club." The Lord have mercy on such, for I am very sure members of the Club would not feel themselves particularly honored by their association, or mortified by the withdrawal of their company, either on that, or any other occasion. "God bress 'em, let 'em go." But if breeders continue to withhold their subscription to Jockey Club Lists, they may rest assured their young Priams, Zinganees, Cetuses, &c., will not pay them back their season fees, as no turfman will buy horses to run for the paltry consideration of $500 or $600, and that, too, at the tremendous distance of four mile heats. One would suppose that there is too much capital invested in this species of property, to suffer Jockey Clubs to go down, or get so low as they now are; but, however fair the supposition, the fact is lamentably true, that they are now at a very low ebb in Virginia, although within the last two weeks, very favorable predictions, of a revival of the sport in the Old Dominion, have been made by several of the most successful and distinguished Racers. We have the best horses in the United States, and they have made uncommonly good sport for us this Spring, as the late meeting at Tree Hill, &c., will show, and they only require a moderate temptation to be induced to continue this side of the Potomac. Let, then, this temptation be given them, in the shape of $1000 for your Jockey Club Purses, and from $300 to $500 for your Proprietors' Purses. This will be an easy object to effect with a population at once large and wealthy. Come out, then, boldly, and aid Jockey Clubs, and entirely new and satisfactory modifications of their management can be made; and instead of going to the North to hunt for sport, and spend our money, we may do both much more conveniently and *patriotically* at home. It is conceded on all hands that no very great evil results from races and Racing Associations, and that being the case, let the good people in and about Richmond hearken to the suggestion of subscribing freely to the Clubs in their neighborhood, and they shall not have cause, I'll promise, to regret the contribution of what would otherwise be consumed in *less creditable* enjoyments. The "young things" now growing up in this part of the world, by Tranby, Chateau Margaux, Goliah, Andrew, and others, give flattering promise of high entertainment, when they shall appear on the turf. This the last appeal of their old friend, and I hope they may "go it"

BOOTS.

I have a sight of fun for you, but the times are so terrible tight, the fun can't come out. "Slippers" and "Pokoon" both talk of writing you soon. I think the people in Richmond ought to have some Pokoon poked into them, for not patronizing Jockey Clubs more patriotically than they do. The same

BOOTS.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

Dear Sir,—Our races commenced on Tuesday 22d May. The weather was miserable—we have had nothing but continual rains for some days past, which put the track in a wretched condition; but notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, the attendance was very numerous.

The Officers appointed for this meeting are as follows;—*Judges*—H. PETWAY, SAMUEL RAGLAND, H. S. DOUGLAS, and L. P. CHEATHAM, Esqrs. *Distance Judges*—THOS. ALDERSON and JOHN S. MCNAIRY, Esqrs. *Patrole Judges*—G. HARDING, P. HIGGINS, H. COMPTON, and WM. GOWEN, Esqrs. *Timers*—E. H. BOARDMAN, and HUGH KIRKMAN, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, May 22, 1838—Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages. Weights, for 3 year olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

J. G. Gill's ch. f. *Virginia Overton*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian,	4 yrs	2	1 1
James Jackson's b. f. *Exotic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer,	4 yrs	1	2 3
S. W. Goodwyn's (Col. Thompson's) ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler,	6 yrs	3	3 2

Time, 4:12—4:17—4:19.

The betting was 2 and 3 to 1 on Exotic against the field. Virginia Overton led during the first mile and a quarter, Exotic waiting upon her. At the commencement of the back stretch in the 2d round, she challenged Virginia, when an exciting contest ensued, neck and neck, and the run home was beautiful, Exotic winning by half a length only.

Second heat.—Exotic was now more than ever the favorite, 4 and 5 to 1 being freely offered on her vs. the field. Experiment took the lead, and maintained it for the first mile, when V. O. passed him, closely followed by Exotic, Experiment falling in the rear. They maintained their respective places throughout the heat Virginia Overton winning by about a length.

Third heat.—Virginia led from end to end, winning the heat very cleverly by about two lengths—Experiment 2d, and Exotic just saving her distance.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—Match, $5000 a-side, betweed the get of Imp. Leviathan, and the get of Imp. Luzborough. Four mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet,	4 yrs	1	
T. A. Pankey's b. f. *Leila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy,	4 y.	dist.	

Time, 8:50.

This match excited an unusual degree of interest in all parts of the country. For the last few days, the reports were numerous in respect to the relative condition of Sarah Bladen and Picton. The Leviathan party were all anxious to make their bets P.P., and in a few instances they were obtained. But this state of affairs did not continue long, in consequence of a report that Picton was amiss, which unfortunately proved too true. On examination it was found the right fore leg was sprung, which caused an enlargement in the tendon. Every possible means was immediately adopted to remove the inflammation, or allay the fever in the part affected; but the time was drawing too near to make any effort to justify his friends in starting him. The only alternative now left, was the filly out of Sally Hope, to represent Luzborough. As soon as it was ascertained that Mr. PANKEY intended to start Leila, the betting commenced at 2 and 3 to 1 on the Leviathan, which was taken pretty freely by the Luzborough party.

The day was cold and rainy, but nevertheless, the concourse of people assembled to witness the match was immense. Sarah Bladen was in fine order for a four mile race—she is very large, and possesses an uncommon share of bone. Although well up in the legs, she is of great substance, combining strength with height, and length with muscular power, exhibiting those points, which give action and constitute a good racing form. The Sally Hope filly is very small, and rather inclined to be slender.

At length the bugle sounded (the anxious note of preparation). The Luzborough filly drew the track. Both being now ready, the drum was tapped and away they went, the Leviathan leading under a hard pull, and coming round the 1st mile six lengths in advance. The gap still increased, and the Leviathan was about 10 lengths in advance at the end of the 2d mile, about 50 yards at the end of the 3d mile, and the 4th mile she went at a tremendous rate, winning the heat, and distancing the filly by a few yards.

FREDERICKSBURGH (Va.) SPRING RACES.

FREDERICKSBURGH, May 24, 1838.

Dear Sir,—It rains, and how to kill time between washing and breakfast the four mile day, is the question. Answer—Write Mr. PORTER something of our one fair and three unfair days' racing. No sooner said than *started*. Send me pen, ink, &c.

First day, Tuesday, May 22—No rain. For the Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares which never produced a winner. Sub. $150 each, 100 ft. Mile heats. The bill reads

1. John S. Corbin not named.
2. Wm. McCargo not named.
3. Jas. P. Corbin names *Red Wing*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Arab.
4. J. P. White names gr. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles.
5. Charles Tayloe names gr. f. *Constance*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Eclipse.

Note.—WHITE and TAYLOE came to the poles. The colt won handily in 1:57—1:57. The race over, Mr. OLIVER proclaims, *A Saddle Race!* Who will enter for the beautiful Saddle, &c., made by Polkinhorn, at Washington? I! I! I! cries out two G.'s and three T.'s. Patience, gentlemen! Give me time to make the entries.

No. 1. Duff Green's gr. m., which came in		2
—— 2. Hay Taliaferro's b. h.		5
—— 3. Charles Tayloe's b. f. *Sister to Cash*		3
—— 4. John Taylor's gr. h. *Dandy*		1
—— 5. Dr. Grayson's b. m.		4

Time, 1:59.

No. 1 cut out the work for three quarters, No. 3 a length behind, alongside of No. 5, and the others following *arter*. On the last turn, the claret is tapped, and a tremendous race between 1, 2, and 3, ensues, Dandy winning by a head, and spectacles required to place the 2d and 3d. This proved to be the most exciting, and *only* contested race.

Second day—Proprietor's purse $200, entrance $15, Two mile heats. My bill lost or mislaid. I remember *the rain and the mud*—the right sort of mud for "Boots" and "Bricks." "Slippers" could not be kept on. Mr. TAYLOE'S ch.

c. *Corsair* had the track and kept it each heat. Perhaps the Secretary's report may read thus—

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. *Corsair*	1 1
Wm. McCargo's *Sister to Genito*	3 2
Col. Thompson's *Rowena*	2 3
John M. Botts' *Julia Burton*	4 0
Gov. Sprigg's *Leesburg*	5 0

Who thought of keeping time? The Judges appointed a Timer, and he held the watch, very properly—he muttered something like 4:28 after the race. It is but justice to say of Mr. TAYLOE and Corsair, that he backed the winner of this race at Washington, when he had a friend *timing* Corsair's two miles in each heat the three mile day. He also had the advantage of condition.

Third day—The cracks came together—a winner at Fairfield, Va., and a winner at Washington, D. C.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab	1 1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by ———	2 2

J. P. Corbin not named.

Betters cautious in the early part of the day. At length the Richmond party came out "2 to 1 on the horse," which the attendants of the Washington races caught up so quick, that they took the hint, and even bets were hard to get, after the tide changed. The "cracks" are at the Stand. "Go!" The first turn the filly takes the lead. The crowd at the gate (near the second turn) shout aloud, and as the filly nears them, she *dodges* almost out of the course. A small man on a roan horse is heard to say, "keep her steady, Bill, and you are safe." There were no changing places.

The next heat Bill did the same thing, and the Loco Focos at the gate raised their shout, but opposite them was the small man on the roan, who had time to make a speech—"Gentlemen," said he, "I will thank you to keep cool till the horses pass, then make as much noise as you choose." Gentlemen were never more *gentle*—every sound was hushed, to break out, when the horses got by, like thunder. A religious friend a mile off knew how the race had gone, by their cries of "Hurrah for the filly!" Time of the first heat, 2:10—the next a few seconds quicker. Mud, mud! When mud stops horses, what a pity it is men won't stop watches!!

Your readers may remember soon after *Elis* won the St. Leger, and *Fanny Wyatt* had distinguished herself, something being *printed* about a Virginia Turfite having a near relative to them—Czarina is the nag. This is the third race she has won, and in them she run the last quarter under a strong pull, several lengths a-head.

Friday—the fairest, or foulest day in the week—this is a hang-man's day. Rain again. I *guess* Charles Carter, Rocker, and Rowena, are to plough the three mile heats, for the Jockey Club purse of $500. Carter the favorite. Rocker hard to beat. Omega I *saw* yesterday out of fix to win any race, and Rowena, in the same stable, coughed. [Look to my P.S. for the result.]

A MEMBER OF THE MULBERRY CLUB.

P.S. The race is just over. Omega was drawn the 2d heat. The following is the result:—

Charles Carter	1 1
Rocker	3 2
Omega	2 dr

Time, 6:46—7:06. Oh! the mud! mud! mud!

FAYETTE (Missouri) SPRING RACES.

Dear Sir,—Below you have the result of the two matches which came off over this course on the 3d and 4th inst.; also of the race on the following day, for the Citizens' purse of $200.

THURSDAY, May 3, 1838—Match, $1000 a-side, Three mile heats.

D. F. Cooper's gr. h. *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific dam by Gray Archie, 5 yrs. 103lbs	1 1
Frost & Edgar's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flageilator, dam by Eclipse, 8 yrs. 120lbs	2 2

Time, 6:10—6:15.

This was a very interesting and betting race. A large concourse of persons had crowded in from every corner of the State for several days previous to the match, and on the day of the race, the whole course was literally crammed with spectators, eager to witness a contest which it was generally supposed would be nobly fought from end to end. But the very outset of the race gave unerring evidence of the result—the *old horse* lacked speed,—120lbs was too much for him. The Duke ran with his 103lbs. as though it were a feather, taking his stand in front, and maintaining it under a heavy pull through both heats, winning in 6:10—6:15. The track is a few feet over a mile, and was hoof deep in mud.

FRIDAY, May 4—Match, $1000 a-side, Two mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, own brother to Laplander, 6 yrs. 114lbs	1 1
D. F. Cooper's ch. h. *Tartar*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 7 yrs. 120lbs	2 dist.

Time, 4:07—4:09.

There was but little betting on this race until after the success of the Duke, when Tartar instantly came into favor, and was backed heavily—or I might rather say Cooper came into favor: the crowd were betting upon the *man*, regardless of the advantages against him, and of their (former) better judgment, and, as in all similar cases, paid dearly for their folly. This race was a second edition of the first, Franklin going ahead throughout both heats, with great ease, still further proving the inability of *old* horses, worn down with age and hard service, to maintain the well-earned fame of their younger days upon the turf, in a contest with young competitors and light weights. It is but doing justice to the old horses to state, that they made each a heavy season last year (particularly Tartar), and had both been complaining a short time before the race in their fore legs.

[Another correspondent writes us that "After this race, Mr. FROST appeared in the Judges Stand, and made a neat little address, in which he acknowledged that Laplander, the horse he ran the day before, was worn out, and could not run at all—he stated that he believed him to have been much better than he ever expected his brother, B. Franklin, to be. Yet he would be glad to run B. F. against Pacific, Laplander's conqueror, Three mile heats, for $1000 a-side; or if Mr. COOPER would go Four mile heats, he would give odds—say $1200 to $1000,—and run in ten days, over the same course. Mr. Cooper declined the offer.]

SATURDAY, May 5—Citizens' Purse $200, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds 75lbs.—4, 90—5, 103——6, 114—and aged 120lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John Frost's gr. m. *Jane Yateman*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 5 y.	1 1
Maj. Thos. Stephenson's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Ganymede, 5 yrs	2 2

Time, 4:08—4:10.

This was a beautifully contested race. In both heats they ran throughout nearly locked, the gray winning the 1st by a length, and the 2d by 6 inches.

Fayette, May 10, 1838. D. KIMBLE, *Rec'g Sec'y.*

MOUNT PLEASANT (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

Dear Sir,—The races over the *Maury County Course* commenced on the 9th May, with the following sweepstakes:—

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $50 each, P.P. Mile heats.

F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy	walked over.
Thos. Heitt's ch. f. by Constitution, dam by Stockholder	paid forfeit.
N. G. Murphy's b. f. by Desaix, dam by Gallatin	" "
N. F. Smith's ch. f. by Scroggins, out of Reel Foot	" "
H. B. Porter's ch. f. by Carroll, dam by Roanoke	" "
Wm. Thomas' b. c. by Scroggins, out of Ann Boleyn	" "
Nimrod Porter's ch. c. by Sir William, dam by Roanoke	" "

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—4 years, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. $25 each, P.P. One mile.

Dr. Robard's (R. K. Polk's) gr. g. ———	1
Thomas S. Smith's gr. g. ———	2
Thomas Goodrum's ch. g. ———	3

Time, 2:02.

THURSDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as above. Four subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

H. Smith's gr. f. *Betsey Boston*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle	2 1 1
L. J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison	1 2 2
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Pacolet	3 dist.
James Kirkman's imp. ch. f. by Aaron, dam by Schamler	pd.ft.

Time, 1:59—1:54—2:01.

FRIDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as above. Sub. $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wilkinson Barne's ch. c. by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror	4 1 1
H. Smith's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder	3 4 2
Thos. M. Williams' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy	1 2 dis
L. J. Polk's b. f. by Scroggins, dam by Arab	2 3 dr
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Sir Archy	pd.ft.

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

SATURDAY, May 12—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Lucius J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 1
W. H. Boddie's b. f. *Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson, 3 yrs.	2 2

Time, 1:53—1:59. Won very handily.

SAME DAY—Match, $100 a-side, One mile.

Dr. Robard's (R. K. Polk's) gr. g. ———, 5 yrs. 110lbs	1
S. Nowell's ch. g. ———, 6 yrs. 118lbs	2

Time, 1:56.

TREE HILL (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced on Monday, 7th May. We are indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary for the following report:—

MONDAY, May 7, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. M. Harris' ch. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal	3 1 1
Hon. Wm. S. Archer's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles	1 2 2
Wm. Old's b. f. by Gohanna, dam not given	2 3 dis
B. Harris' c. by Mons. Tonson, dam not given	4 4 dis

Time not recorded.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $500 a-side, Four mile heats.

P. B. Winston's b. f. *Maid of Southanna*, by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs 97lbs.	2 1 1
Wm. L. White's s. f. *Lady Russell*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	1 2 2

Time. 8:40—8:50—8:38.

It is but just to remark, that in the two 1st heats the parties did not choose to make a contest.

TUESDAY, May 8—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Nine subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse	1 1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles	2 2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles	3 3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Director	4 4

Time, 1:57—1:53½.

Half of the winner of this race was sold by Mr. PUCKETT to Col HETH, for $5000. He was bred by JOHN WICKHAM, Esq., who, by-the-bye, the late JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, said was the most sensible man he ever knew.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of untried mares; weights as before. Ten subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John S. Corbin's (Philip St. George Ambler's) b. c. *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater by Virginian	1 1
John P. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Herod	3 2
John M. Botts' br. f. by Timoleon, dam by Tom Tough	2 3

Time, 1:59—1:53.

After the race, Mr. AMBLER sold his b. c. Altorf, to Messrs. WM. MCCARGO & JOHN S. CORBIN, for $2500. Altorf is nearly 5 feet 2 inches high, a bay, with a star in his face. His back, loins, and thigh, are rarely equalled.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes free for all horses that never started in any race, for a Silver Pitcher. Sub. $50 each. Weights—3 year olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

The Secretary says of the above stakes—"The materials for a report of this day's racing are so imperfect, that it is thought best to omit it altogether.

THURSDAY, May 10—Proprietor's Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Clay's William, 5 yrs	4 1 1
O. P. Hare's b. m. *Corset*, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus, 5 yrs	2 5 2
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1 2 3
J. P. Corbin's b. m. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 5 yrs	4 4 4
J. M. Botts' s. f. by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs	7 2 dr
Wm. Washington's b. f. by Gen. Brooke, dam by Timoleon	5 dist.
Isham Puckett's b. h. by Sir Charles, dam not given, 5 yrs	3 dr
Wm. Williamson's s. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	8 dr

Time, 3:54—3:54—3:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Seven subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

C. Shackleford's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Arab	1 1
Geo. Pendleton's b. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Rattler	3 2
Richard Longest's ch. c. by Zeleador, dam by Rockingham	2 3

Time, 1:56—1:59.

FRIDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $20, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's br. c. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington, 4 yrs	* 1 1
John Heth's ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	* 3 2
John Early (Gen. Harris') br. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	* * 3
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand, dam not given, 5 yrs	* * 4
Henry Maclin's b. c. *Josephus*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1 2 dis
John M. Botts' b. f. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	2 * dis
John S. Corbin's ch. c. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	* * dr

Time, 8:03—8:02—8:11. * Not placed.

In the first heat Josephus led from the beginning, closely followed by Gen. HARRIS's horse until within the distance, when he gave up the contest. The saddle on Josephus slipped on his withers in the first mile of the heat, in which situation he ran the heat. In the 3d heat he broke down in both his fore legs.

This was quite a betting, and a very interesting race; before starting, Gen. Harris's horse was the favorite, and was freely backed against the field.

SATURDAY, May 12—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; weights as before. Sub. $25 each, with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats.

Henry Maclin's b. c. Rocker, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1 4 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs	2 1 2
John P. White's ch. m. *Canara*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs	3 3 3
Isham Puckett's b. h. by Sir Charles	4 2 dis

Time, 3:59—3:59—3:52.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $300 a-side, One mile.

Col. Wm. L. White's b. f. by Goliah, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1
Capt. Wm. Williamson's br. f. by Pamunky, dam by White's Alfred, 3 yrs	2

Time, 1:58.

The Course was well attended; the new Proprietor, Maj. J. P. WHITE, gave entire satisfaction, and no accident or other circumstance occurred, to mar the general pleasure. THE SECRETARY.

CARROLTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

Friend P.—You will please give our races a place in your columns, and next Fall we will try to have a little better regulations.

Yours, respectfully, HIRAM SENOURS, *Sec'y.*

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—Purse $30, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

H. Vaughan's b. f. *Pocahontas*, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Geo. E. Blackburn's gr. f. *Ariella*, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1 2 2
W. P. Duvall's b. h. *John Anderson*, by Seagull, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs	3 3 3
Maj. E. S. Reville's cr. m. *Ellen Ross*, by Seagull, dam by Pulaski	4 dist.

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—Purse $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs	1 1
Geo. E. Blackburn's s. c. *Jacob Hinkle*, by Collier, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs	2 2
W. P. Duvall's b. h. *John T. Johnson*, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 5 y	3 dr

No time kept. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, May 3—A Silver Cup, worth $20, for 3 year olds; weights as before; Mile heats

W. P. Duvall's b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun, by Cassina, 3 yrs	1 1
H. Vaughan's ch. f. *Catahoulalass*, by Lance, dam by Sir Archy	3 2
Geo. E. Blackburn's gr. f. *Ariella*, pedigree above	2 3
Maj. E. S. Revill's ch. c. *Philo C. Bush* by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster	4 dis

Time not kept.

FRIDAY, May 4—Purse $45; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. *Jacob Hinkle*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 1
W. P. Duvall's b. h. *John T. Johnson*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1 dis

Time not kept.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Ark.) May 2d, 1838.

My dear P.—If the brilliant achievements of the namesake of my friend "of the Devil's Fork," *Linnet* and *Extio*, do not establish the capability of *Leviathan* to get good 4 milers, why there is no use to cut off the 8th mile in 1:54—but some men are so blinded by prejudice that they are as slow of belief as he, of whom mention is made in that best of books, who refused to believe that one should rise from the dead. I congratulate the owners of this noble animal on the brilliant victories of his get during the present spring, victories which should be peculiarly gratifying to them and their friends, as there has been of late several underhanded and sly flings made at his reputation, and insinuations against his abilities to get nags that can go the pace. Fair play is a jewel, and it should be the aim of every liberal turfite to "render under Cæsar the things that are Cæsars."

Well, so far the spring campaign has been most brilliant. I sympathise with Col BINGAMAN (not at his losses, for he cares not for them) that *Angora* should have been beaten without a show; but if the Col. did'nt get licked up sometimes, why he would be ruled off the track, or else would surfeit from excess of victories. His claim to the title of "Napoleon," is still as merited as it was erst defeat perched on his banner. Well, I have made some bets with Capt. T. as follows: $10 the get of Eclipse beats the get of Luzborough in the 44 sweepstakes—$10 Livingston's entries beat John C. Stevens', in the 44 sweepstakes—$10 Sarah Bladen beats Picton the match—$10 she wins 1st heat.

Volcano will make a fine season—his colts are promising, and in great demand. There is a mare with him (breeding on the shares) of remarkable appearance. She was taken from the Camanchee Indians, and is about 16 yrs. old—is very large, with the finest limbs I ever saw—well ribbed, good neck, bony head, thin broad shoulder, and fine eye; her colts from scrubs have been very swift, and who knows but that she will bring a Flying Childers from Volcano. My chesnut mare *Fentine* by Gohannah dam by Janus, has dropped a b. c. foal by Ben Franklin (by Stockholder dam by Gallatin) that is very fine. I have christened him *Chitty*.

Truly yours, N.

No Go.—"How go horses to-day," enquired a farmer of a dealer at a Glamorganshire fair. "Why! as you see," said the fellow, "some upon three legs, and some upon four, and some won't go at all."

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM OHIO.

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio), April 28, 1838.

Mr. P.—I have just returned from the dark and bloody ground—the State of the horse and alligator. How much or how little of the latter ingredient she has in her composition I cannot say; but she has a jug-full of the first. Palavering a few days ago with a red-faced Hibernian, I asked—"Have you stone near for macadamizing your road?"—"Of the best quality, and most convanient," was his expressive reply. Idem, of the horse in Old Kaintuck, *Woodpecker*, as his bill says, "the best son of old Bertrand," is the *biggest little* horse I ever saw. 'Tis delightful to see a racer so perfect after his career is run—as free from blemish or gall as an untrained colt,—without a white hair, from the top of his ear to the frog of his foot. How un-Eclipse like are his hocks! I do think there is more symmetry, beauty, and power in him than I ever saw in any other quadruped. He is in his "tout ensemble" "comme il faut." [Thanks to the dictionary of quotations!]

His owners have been committing a very common error with this unconquered Cid, suffering him to degrade himself with mean alliances. I'll go a year of the Times that, with their knowledge or consent, he doesn't smell a cold blood from and after March, '39. Who will, or who dare? Why should he? *Bertrand* is dead, and there are now feeding around the victor of *Collier* the dams of *Rodolph*, of *Harrison*, of *Pressure*, of *Ewing*, and some half a dozen more.

It was singular enough that in my last I suggested a doubt, which others simultaneously entertained, of the death of the immortal Bertrand, and yet he died four days after. What a sad fulfilment of a rumor! Your correspondent must have dreamed of the loss of teeth. I hope he'll never lose another. The cause of his death is not perfectly ascertained. One of his owners (Mr. LYNDSAY) thought he fell a victim to the botts; the other (Mr. HUTCHCRAFT) believed he died of the cholic, a disease to which he was very subject. The latter gentleman was in Paris, Ky., when the sad intelligence reached him. After grieving in silence over the fate of the noble creature, he turned to his sympathising friends and observed, "Gentlemen, I have just lost Bertrand, with the cholic. I wish you all to remember what I say—he could have been relieved. If you ever have a horse in a similar situation, give him *an ounce of laudanum and a table spoonful of the essence of pepperment in a drench.*" Tell your readers to remember this also, for it may do them good service, though they will never have a Bertrand. Immortal Bertrand! Immortal Archy!—father and son. They have finished their *racing*, and have made a dead heat in fame. Their *race* can never be ended.

On Dit.—The Messrs. HUTCHCRAFTS & LINDSAY will strike for *Pacific* to supply the place of his brother. I do not know, but I think, though he's a *tall* horse in the South, he would come "longo intervallo" after the other.

I will flit to one other thing, and then enough. I learned that the best purge for a horse was *chalk and vinegar*. And now, I am yours,

A., THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

P.S. I wish, if not pre-claimed, to name *Corncracker* a br. c. by Tranby, dam Mary Haxall, by Moses. Also the name of *Cadetta* for a s. f. by Cadet, dam by Rattler. Respectfully, W. M. A.

ROBIN HOOD, POST BOY, AND DECATUR.

QUEEN'S COUNTY, (Long Island,) 9th May, 1838.

Dear Sir,—Supposing that the following particulars in relation to horses of some note, may be interesting to breeders of blood stock, they are communicated for insertion in your paper:—*Robin Hood* was dropped on the 18th April, 1828, and in February, 1830, measured 14 hands 3 inches. December 2, 1830, girth at chest, 68½ inches. January 6, 1831, height 15 hands 1½ inches.

Post Poy, dropped 5th May, 1831. November 26, same year, measured 13 hands 2½ inches. June 11, 1832, 13 hands 3 inches. November 4, 1832, 14 hands 1¾ inches over the withers, 14 hands 2½ inches over the croup. Feb. 18, 1832, girth at chest 67 inches—height over the withers, 14 hands 2½ inches. April 2, 1834, over withers 15 hands 1 inch.

Decatur, dropped 20th April, 1833—at 4 days old measured 9 hands 3¼ inches. February 20, 1834, being 10 months old, measured 13 hands 2 inches. *May 1*, 1835, being 2 years old, 15 hands.

Robin Hood was sold at 3 years old for $300. *Post Boy*, at three years old, for $700. *Decatur*, at two years old, for $800. A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. In your No. of 5th inst. you state that *Suffolk*, in his yearling form, was sold at Tattersalls in N. York, with his dam, *Ostrich*, for $205 50. This is not exactly correct—Ostrich was sold at JOHN R. SNEDIKERS, 2d May, 1834, by Jno. W. Watson & &o. with her Andrew colt (now Suffolk) at foal—the colt having been dropped on the 3d of the preceding month—they brought $220.

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT ROBSON.

On Monday week, at Newmarket, aged 73, Mr. Robert Robson finished his earthly course amid the affectionate and soothing offices of his sorrowing children, and to the sincere regret of an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance. For many years he most deservedly held the first place on the British turf as a public trainer. His first employer was Sir F. Poole, for whom, in 1793, he trained Waxy, the winner of the Derby, and which horse was the sire of three other Derby winners, also of three Oaks winners, all trained by him, as the following list will show. He had afterwards the honor of numbering among his employers the late and present Dukes of Grafton, the Marquis of Westminster, the late and present Earls of Clarendon, the late Earl of Wilton, General Grosvenor, General Gower, Colonel Udny, Christopher Wilson, Esq., and John Payne, Esq.; and his success was of the most brilliant description. On referring to the calendar we find, indeed, that the main branches of his prosperity have so many collateral ramifications that likewise bore golden fruit to him "in trust" for his employers, that it is quite impossible for us to allow sufficient room in our columns for the enumeration of a tithe of them. We must, therefore, merely take a rapid view of the greater ones, and, by exhibiting them to our sporting friends, we trust they will be able to form some idea of the "measure of his great success."

To begin with the Riddlesworth—it fell to his lot many times; the 2000 gs. stakes, many times; the 1000 guineas several years in succession; the Derby, seven times; and the Oaks, twelve. In the course of six years he had under his care the following mares, the most celebrated of their day, namely:—Violante and Meteora, the property of Lord Grosvenor; Penelope, the dam of Web (from which mare have descended all the favorites in Lord Jersey's stud); Parasol and Pelisse, the property of the Duke of Grafton. These five won upwards of 100 engagements. But we must pass on.

In 1827, being afflicted with paralysis, he quitted the turf, and his employers testified their regret, on losing his valuable services, and their high sense of the honesty and justice of his conduct towards them, by presenting to him a splendid piece of plate. He shortly afterwards left Newmarket, and lived in close retirement at Exning, a village about two miles distant, until within the last six months, when he returned to "the old house," endeared to him by a thousand heart-stirring associations and glorious recollections, and there he expired.

LIST OF THE WINNERS OF THE DERBY AND OAKS, TRAINED BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT ROBSON.

In the years which are distinguished by (..) it will be found, by referring to the calendar, that he had horses which were either second or third—more frequently second.

	DERBY.	OAKS.
1793	Sir F. Poole's Waxy.	
1802	Duke of Grafton's Tyrant.	Mr. Wastell's Scotia.
..1804		Duke of Grafton's Pelisse.
..1805		Lord Grosvenor's Meteora.
..1807		General Grosvenor's Briseis.
..1808		Duke of Grafton's Morel.
1809	Duke of Grafton's Pope.	General Gower's Sorcery.
1810	Duke of Grafton's Whalebone.	
..1811		
..1812		
..1813		Duke of Grafton's Music.
..1814		
1815	Duke of Grafton's Whisker.	Duke of Grafton's Minuet.
..1816		
1817	Mr. Payne's Azor.	
..1818		Mr. Udny's Corinne.
..1819		
..1820		
..1821		
..1822		Duke of Grafton's Pastille.
1823	Colonel Udny's Emilius	Duke of Grafton's Zinc.
..1824		
..1825		General Grosvenor's Wings.
..1826		

TO THE PUBLIC.

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice." SHAKSPEARE.

I founded the Drama in this City. For fifteen years, excepting a short interval, I have been Manager of the Mobile Theatre. I came here with a little money and invested my *all* to complete an unfinished Theatre; without being able at that period to say whether I should ever realise a dollar profit from the investment. By close application to business, I increased my means. I still invested all towards promoting the good standing of the Drama in Mobile: and lost it all by *fire*, that destroyed at different periods two Theatres in this city.

After an interval of two or three years, another Theatre being built and offered to rent, I returned to my old ground, and with the aid of my old friends obtained a lease on the present building. For that, and other acts of friendship I have experienced from Mobilians, I have ever felt, and expressed myself grateful. Whether in prosperity, or adversity, my efforts have been to promote the respectability of the Drama in Mobile; in which feeling my present partner has participated with me: and we trust that our efforts have not been unavailing. The first dramatic talent of Europe and America have, by our means been induced to visit this City; and they have departed pleased with the standing of the profession in it, and impressed with respect for the taste of its inhabitants.

But to approach the point most immediate to the object of this publication. In consequence of certain reports that have been industriously circulated, in which an attempt has been made to cast odium upon our name and character, we are *compelled* to a course, which, with a considerable stretch of patience we have hitherto forborn from.

We have always held it as a maxim in business, that, persons whose interests may chance to be in opposition, have no right to tax the *public* with their grievances or disputes: but we are *forced* by the false coloring given to our conduct to adopt that course of obtaining justice, which under other circumstances we should decline.

Without further preface we will proceed to as brief a statement of *facts* as the nature of the complicated business will allow. In December last, circumstances put into our possession in a business way, and without our seeking, two notes of L. V. Ferry in favor of Wm. D. Gager, secured by a deed of trust on the leasehold of the Eagle Theatre. We took the notes because we expected to be refunded by the sale of the leasehold. Here we will state that it was generally understood, that L. V. Ferry had taken the *insolvent* oath, and left the country, probably never to return: consequently we could not have proposed to ourselves any injury to him, had we wished it. Mr. Ferry, in abandoning the premises, in order to indemnify Mr. R. R. Wilkins in certain securities makes *him* a subsequent deed of trust of the leasehold, and puts him in *possession*. The Eagle (or as it was afterwards called) American Theatre, was then opened on the responsibility of Mr. R. R. Wilkins. After an experiment made by Mr. Wilkins, in which he had lost a considerable sum of money, and satisfied himself that the concern could not ultimately succeed, he proposed to us to take the lease, and his engagements with certain actors, off his hands. We did so. This was also unsought by us. At this time no person, we believe, supposed that Mr. Ferry would ever have put in any claim to the premises: at least *we* did not, or we should have taken measures to have kept him from clandestinely taking possesion of our rights, and tenements.

How far we have been guilty of injustice towards Mr. Ferry we leave the public to judge.

Another cause of complaint against us, we have heard it, that the money that was due to Mr. Geo. Hill (the Yankee Comedian) for his last engagement in this City, was withheld to satisfy a claim of Ludlow & Smith. The report has no foundation in truth. *Mr. Hill was paid every cent due him, and at the very moment he desired it:* which was after the performance on the night of his benefit. This can be proved by the date of his receipt, and by two respectable witnesses. Neither was he arrested at the suit of Ludlow & Smith, but at that of Solomon Smith, who took the course that all men would who held a note due against one supposed to be able to pay, and that one saying he would not liquidate the same "until compelled in law"—this Mr. Hill stated that he told Mr. Smith, as can also be proved by two respectable witnesses. He was consequently held to bail; not among strangers, but among friends and relatives, any one of whom would have been considered good security for his appearance at Court. Neither was he arrested without a demand for payment, as was reported. A note to him on the subject from Mr. Smith's Attorney was received by him on the Saturday (the day of his benefit) and he was not arrested until the Monday.

How far we have been guilty of "an ungentlemanly course of conduct" towards Mr. Hill, we leave the public to judge.

A third cause of outcry against us has been an "illiberal stoppage of salary" from Mr. Placide when sick. There again our conduct has been unjustly represented. Mr. Placide, in signing articles of agreement for his present engagement, (a course observed with all) bound himself "to abide by the Rules and Regulations" of our Theatres:—and one of those rules expressly says—"Salaries in no cases will be paid where services are not rendered"—this is the closing period of an article referring expressly to cases of indisposition, the former part requiring from the person sick to send notice to the Prompter, et cetera. This rule has been most strictly observed in *all* cases: and we know of no reason why we should make an exception in favor of Mr. Placide. There certainly has not been any thing in his conduct towards us, while engaged in our Theatres, that would be likely to inspire any manager with a feeling of extraordinary regard, or extraordinary liberality towards him. We understand that the above rule has been said to be a "*dead letter*" in Theatres, by parties *interested*. That is not the case. We have by us now a letter from the Manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, bearing date the 6th inst., which says unequivocally that the above rule of stopping salaries in cases of sickness is observed by them always. And we are recently assured by a gentleman, who has been Stage Manager at the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, that the same rule is universally enforced in that establishment.

We have it not in our power at this moment to adduce evidence from the Managers of the Eastern Theatres, whether they consider that rule a "dead letter," but to the best of our belief they make no exceptions in that rule that we do not, such as where a performer has been *lamed*, or materially injured by a *fall*, or some *unusual accident*; or by undertaking to perform some extraordinary part, out of the usual routine of business.

We will mention one more point in regard to Mr. P.'s engagement with us; and a very unusual one. It has gained publicity from *other* sources some time ago, and our silence on that subject cannot now remedy the evil.

Mr. Placide, in making his present engagement with us last Spring, proposed that we should give him an *extra* consideration per week, and we take the proceeds of his benefits. giving us the right, (expressly stated in his articles) of putting up his name as "often as we please." We agreed upon a sum, and that sum has been paid him. We have a claim now on Mr. Placide for *another* benefit; the pay for which he has *received*. And now in breaking his engagement with us, he not only deprives us of that which we have *paid him for*, but injures our business by depriving us of his services in a line of characters, which certainly we should not have engaged him for, if we had not needed him.

The public will judge whose conduct has been the most reprehensible.

There are other tales that have been fabricated with a view to injure us, but they are too absurd to notice.

We have labored hard for the respectability of the Drama in this city, and done all that any men would have done in our situation to contribute to the comfort and amusement of our patrons. And after fifteen years unceasing exertion in catering for the pleasure of this community, we hold it as being rather too fastidious that we should be condemned in *totus*, because for once we chance to mistake the public's wishes; or find it out too late to remedy the evil, without plunging ourselves into as great a one elsewhere.

We will now leave our cause with that public it ever has been our wish and our ambition to please, however our actions and our motives may have been miscon strued.

N. M. LUDLOW, (for himself and)
Mobile, April 13, 1838. LUDLOW & SMITH.

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE Annual Races, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P., Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats. }
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. }

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary*.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700 } Free for all ages.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[ap21] F. K. W.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE above Races, over the *Oakland Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, having been postponed from the 15th of May, to avoid conflicting with those at Lexington.

First Day—The Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds that never started in a public race, value $100—Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required—it is intended to be given annually to the breeders. The entries must be named the same as if it was a sweepstakes, by the 1st day of May.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st May next. Now 3 subs.

Second Day—The Oakland Plate, consisting of a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, for all ages. Two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or money at his option.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $25, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The subscriber having recently purchased the *Oakland Race Course*, with the intention of fitting it up in a style inferior to none in America, and having the patronage of a Jockey Club, with rules and regulations, the same as other fashionable courses, new appeals to this City and the State, to determine whether or not they will have a respectable Racing Establishment at a point, of all others, the most eligible for the Kentucky Breeders.

The large amount of money that they now have vested in this sort of property, makes it all important that there should be some ground selected where they can have a good course and larger purses than have heretofore been offered. The South are, and will continue to be our purchasers. This is the place of all others to establish the character of our race horses, and one that is to derive more advantages from a well conducted establishment, than any other. The immense importance to this city in bringing together, twice a year, a large concourse of strangers, thereby causing an expenditure of money amongst us that we otherwise would not have, must be obvious to every one. To the breeder it offers an inducement to improve his stock, because in concentrating here in the Spring and Fall, a great many strangers from other States, it will insure a certain market, at high prices, for their horses.

The track will immediately be altered and improved, with a training course in the inside. The stands will be removed, enlarged, and placed in a position so as to afford the most entire view of the race to several thousand persons.

The Oakland House will be added to, and put on a footing with the best hotels in the country. Every thing shall be done to make this course worthy of Kentucky; and it is now left to her citizens to make it, by their patronage, the first establishment of the sort in the Union.

The Spring Races, from the number of horses in training, and the promise of every stable in the State to attend, will be of great interest.

Louisville, Ky., March 14, 1838. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

At the Fall meeting, to take place in October next, there are four large Sweepstakes, besides purses, for Four mile heats, $1200—Three mile heats, $600—Two mile heats, Plate, value $500—liberal purses for Mile heats, and Mile heats, best 3 in 5. [a7-tf.]

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.
[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

Philip is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from splint, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant, Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times. Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John, and Christiana); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Dennis, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Bradamante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoka, her dam by Old Traveller, (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Heivey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c., and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

SHARK.

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the unrivalled and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50 000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, at $60 and $100 under the management of Col. THOMAS P. RICHARDSON and Maj. R. I. GAINES. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to desert the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15 000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black. Particulars hereafter. [mar. 3-tf.]

HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under our charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superior—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.
La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15½ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf. JOHN MORRISON.

CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED.

A VERY LIBERAL PRICE will be paid at This Office for a splendid pair of Carriage Horses. Handsome bays, with long tails, about 15½ hands high, would be preferred; they must have superior action, and be well broke. Apply immediately to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

MILFORD (agent), formerly proprietor of the American Hotel, 229 Broadway, has removed to the CARLTON HOUSE, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

This new and elegant establishment has very superior accommodations. A large number of Parlors, with Chambers attached, are provided for the reception of Families, and Gentlemen desirous of obtaining that kind of arrangement for their occasional residence in the City.

The Drawing Rooms are situated on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, and consist of two splendid apartments, connected by folding doors, and devoted exclusively to Families not having Parlors. A Parlor is also provided on Broadway for Gentlemen.

All the Arrangements of this Mansion are calculated to ensure attention, comfort, and privacy.

The dining hour for Ladies and Gentlemen, not having a separate table, is 5 o'clock; but a table is laid at half past 3 o'clock for those who prefer an earlier hour, or leave town in the afternoon boats.

☞ The charges for board, Wines, &c. &c., will be found more than usually reasonable. [m26-4t*]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 2¾ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match; Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8 o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs., in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over, and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. The season to commence on the 1st of February, and continue till the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others. 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chiffney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf

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EMANCIPATION.

THIS celebrated English Racer and splendid Stallion will occupy Rowton's Stand, at Col. W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, under the direction of Mr Wm. J. Geiger, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and $1 to the groom, the money to be paid in advance. The season will commence on the 1st of Feb. and end the 1st. of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Emancipation, so named under the great excitement about the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, was bred by Mr. Riddle, and was foaled in 1827. He was got by Whisker (own brother to Whalebone, &c.) sire of The Colonel and Memnon, winners of the St. Leger. His dam was got by Ardrossan; one of the best sons of the famous John Bull; his grandam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth; his g. g. dam XYZ's dam, by Spadile, out of Sylvia by Young Marske, &c. By reference to the 7th vol. page 101 of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, his extended pedigree may be seen, as also his performances on the turf, which latter are but little inferior to any horse ever imported into this country. He is a beautiful bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 16 hands high, of great length, and commanding figure. His bone is large, with muscles well defined; his action good, and accompanied by indications of uncommon power. His stock are considered very promising; his oldest were two years old last Spring; of these, some few were trained last season, and two of them have been winners—Angela, who won the Chillington Stakes, August 5th, beating a field of five others, at Wolverhampton; and Compensation, winner of a stake at Hednesford, October 31st, beating three others.

For black servants sent with mares no charge will be made: having no accommodations for white persons on the spot, they must board elsewhere. [F24-tf.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. - Spring Hill Course, J. C. meeting, 1st Thursday, 7th June.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
NEW YORK CITY - - Beacon Course, N. J., 2d Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th June.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Sulphur Spring Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th June.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

English Sporting Intelligence.

STATE OF THE ODDS, APRIL 29.

(From Bell's Life in London.)

The settlement of the accounts, and an expectation that the running on Friday at Newmarket would have same influence on the betting, attracted a full attendance at Tattersall's on Monday last. Business, however, was not at all heavy, nor did the average prices, with the single exception of Mr. Batson's filly, vary to any material extent from those last quoted from Newmarket. The 2000 Guineas Stakes appears likely to have a very small field, as nothing was mentioned but Bamboo, Grey Momus, and Saintfoin. The first two were backed several times at 5 to 2 each, Bamboo getting the best of the betting at the close, and leaving off at 2 to 1, taken. Saintfoin was 7 to 2, offers, and takers of a point more. We did not hear him backed. For the stake to be run on Monday, 6 to 4 was offered on Chymist, P. P. The Derby betting comprehended a considerable number of horses, but "cool hundreds" were not so abundant as "ponies" and "rouleaus." Phœnix stood at 7 to 1, offered, or takers of 15 to 2; Bamboo at 8 to 1, taken in fifties, and subsequently offered—neither in much demand. Grey Momus had several friends, one or two of whom thought themselves fortunate in obtaining 10 to 1, the general offers against him having fallen a point short of it. Bamboo was backed at 11 to 1 in hundreds, and we are inclined to suspect that more than one party were anxious to get on at the same price. 12 to 1 was taken about Nonplus, but we did not observe any general disposition in his favor. Ion, The Early Bird, Cobham, Bullion, D'Egville, Dormouse, Richard Roe, and Amato, were all mentioned, and some of them backed, the quotations remaining the same as for the previous week or ten days. Conservator's party is small and sanguine as ever. The Oaks has undergone a revolution. Unique and Barcarole have disappeared, and Callisto lost many of her friends, and some points in the odds. The new favorite is the filly from which two out of the three sustained defeat—Mr. Batson's Vespertilio. Glenara is still in force, but as she was not mentioned on Monday, we have not ventured to put down any price. Ninny, a great favorite in the stable, was backed at 10 to 1, and one hundred pounds laid out by Mr. Forth on his filly, The Soldier's Consort. Unique was not named.

On Thursday there was little business done, and not much change. The 2000 Guineas Stakes left off precisely as on Monday, Bamboo having barely the call of the Grey, who has plenty of friends. Saintfoin and Alemdar were mentioned, and the latter backed for a trifle; neither, however, having anything like a party. The Derby betting varied very slightly from Monday's. Phœnix, Grey Momus, Nonplus, Alemdar—in fact, *all* the principal favorites—remained steady in their places, except Young Rowton, who, for a moment was on the totter; 600 to 500, betted on the Grey against him, was followed up by a bet of ten ponies to one; shortly after, however, he received timely support, and at the close of the afternoon he nearly recovered his lost ground. We should add that his partisans are not quite so eager as they were a week ago. It is doubtful whether Vespertilio or Glenara must be looked upon as first favorite for the Oaks, the offers being to bet 7 to 1 against the former, and to take 8 to 1 about the latter. Not a word said about Ninny or Callisto, and only small sums laid out upon Brown Duchess or Larnaca.

CHESTER CUP.

Bull's Head Betting-room, Manchester, Thursday afternoon, 26th April.

"There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee."

So sings "mine host of the Bull's Head," who is a "varry dacant chap," and sells as good a tankard of elixir as the devotees of Sir John Barleycorn can wish for. By "St. Leonard" I wish him good health and prosperity, and good luck with his "Twa Dogs."

Now to business.—During the week there has been very little betting, but a great deal of "chaffing," about the merits and pretensions of the horses engaged for this race. All agree that Birdlime is a good mare.

But nine stone eight
Is too much weight.

Wentworth is to have General Chasse's shoes on, and thereby will run faster than he ever did before. The Potentate, 6 yrs. old, has beaten Fieschi, a bad 4 yr. old, carrying 19 lbs. more, mile and a half. "'Tis a great performance," say some, looking at Fieschi beating Burletta a head the day before, with 14 lbs. less than the mare.

Zohrab has taken a northern tour, by caravan, "but it won't do, Mr. Ferguson." Galewood, a gentleman in black, may appear, to obtain more favor on a future day from his handicappers. Magician has lost his lamp, and can't find his way to Chester. King Cole is "a merry old soul," and has put himself under the care of "Mersey." Lord Stafford has got very lusty since his late association with Chit Chat. Sylvan has been in a warren, and has got his foot in a hole. Whaley has got "the doldrums," and Rachel has got "the drag on."

"As the wind blows,
So Catherine goes."

Conservative, Parolles, and Vesper are occasionally spoken of. Combat declines the conflict; Violet is not yet in bloom; and Fusileer has fired off "his gun" at the Curragh.

11 to 2 agst. Potentate	12 to 1 agst. Mersey.
6 to 1 —— Wentworth	12 to 1 —— Catharina.
7 to 1 —— Birdlime	12 to 1 —— Magician.
9 to 1 —— Whaley	20 to 1 —— Zohrab.
9 to 1 —— Sylvan	20 to 1 —— Parolles

Bell's Life in London.

MOVEMENTS AT NEWMARKET.—Since last week a continued series of cold weather has prevailed, accompanied with occasional storms of rain, which have had one good tendency, that of keeping the turf in most admirable order, and although the weather has been cold, it has not been changeable, consequently not so injurious to horses as hot gleams of sun, succeeded by chilling blasts. Various are the reports respecting Phœnix, some positively expressing an opinion that he is amiss, and will never see Epsom; one thing is very certain, that he has not appeared with his companions on the heath any morning since the day he ran for the Riddlesworth. Alexander sweated yesterday, and goes beautifully. Young Rowton has also undergone the same discipline.

Grey Momus arrived in the van from Stockbridge this afternoon, accompanied by the colt by Margrave, dam by Blacklock (in the 2000 Guineas Stakes). Mr. Sowerby has added the following to his lot at Howe's:—Harmodius, by Augustus, out of Lady Henry; Antigone, by Augustus, out of Amoret; Virginia, by Augustus, out of Volage; Barmaid, by Augustus, out of Constantia; Top-gallant, by Skiff, dam by Tiresias, all two years old, and a three year old filly, Olive, by Young Emilius, dam by Orville. Mr. Sowerby has never had a better looking lot.

Newmarket, Friday night, April 27. Bell's Life.

SALE OF THE LATE MR. NANNEY'S STUD.

The racing and breeding stud of the late Mr. Nanney was sold at Delamere Forest on Wednesday, by Messrs. Tattersall, as follows:—

	GS.
Ratcatcher, aged, by Langar, out of Rufina	340
Surprise, 4 yrs. old, by St. Patrick, out of Wedlock's dam	210
Velocity, 2 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Harriet	200
Pedlar, 3 yrs., by Belzoni, out of Effie	110
Fairplay, 3 yrs., by Belzoni, out of Signorina	100
A br. c., 3 yrs., by Belzoni, out of Wedlock's dam	40
Lord John, 4 yrs., by Priam, out of Signorina	34
Friar Tuck, 6 yrs., by Emilius, out of Signorina	25
The above in training on Delamere Forest.	
Georgiana, by Welbeck, out of Banshee, with a filly foal at her foot by The Tulip, and stinted to The Mole	70
Enterprise, 5 yrs., by Flexible, out of a half-bred mare	70
A ch. c., 1 yr., by Plenipotentiary, out of Signorina	60
A br. c., 1 yr., by Sir John, out of Harriet	45
A br. f., 3 yrs., by Young Magistrate, out of dam of Enterprise	31
A b. g., 2 yrs., by Sir Gray, out of Kitty Fisher, by Bravo	26
A br. g., 5 yrs., by Flexible, out of Racket	22
A b. c., 1 yr., by Sir Gray, or Birdcatcher, out of Georgiana	18
BROOD MARES AT YORK.	
Harriet, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, cov. by Muley Moloch	80
A b. f. by Zinganee, out of Effie, covered by Muley Moloch	23
Signorina, by Champion, dam by Williamson's Ditto, cov. by Muley	22

Yorkshireman.

TROTTING CHALLENGE.—To the Editor of Bell's Life in London, Sir,—The party backing the Birmingham mare having forfeited to my nag The Unknown, I beg leave to say I should be happy to accommodate *Confidence*, the American horse advertised for sale in your last week's paper, for from £200 to £500. I will give him choice of distance from five miles to twenty, and of weight from 8 st. to 14 st. My money is always ready at the Ram Inn, Northampton.

Your obedient servant, JOHN PALMER.

TROTTING MATCH.—A trotting match took place on Tuesday, over Sudbury Common, between Mr. Chaulkley's celebrated dun pony *Dodger*, and Mr. Thompson's brown pony *XX*, 10 miles, for £10 a-side; Mr. Thompson's pony went in harness, and Mr. Chaulkley's was ridden. The odds at starting were 6 to 4 on Dodger; Mr. T.'s pony being driven by Mr. T. Harding, who so ably nursed Mr. Dixon's *Nonpareil* when she did the 100 miles in 10 hours; Dodger was ridden by his spirited owner, who has figured at the same place upon similar occasions 17 times before, and has been successful 15 out of the 17. The match terminated, after a well-contested race, in favor of the Dodger.

A bet of £10, we are told, was lately offered and taken in Paisley, that a pony named would trot 14 miles in an hour and five minutes. The trial came off on the Greenock road, between Inchinnan and Bishopton on Tuesday morning, when the pony, though thrice wheeled for breaking, won cleverly, having finished its task twelve seconds within the hour. Several collateral bets of considerable amount were pending.

DEATH OF VIVIAN CONTRADICTED.—We have received the following letter, contradicting the statement so generally circulated, of the death of the steeple-chacer Vivian:—

SIR,—As many reports are in circulation that the gallant Captain Lamb's favorite horse Vivian is dead, we have great pleasure in contradicting such reports, and to state that the old horse is now in excellent health, and has hunted several times since the chace. Signed—William E. Dester, William Palmer, H. Clarke, and Wm. Cox, on behalf of the Committee. Bell's Life.

Samuel Day, who won with Gustavus and lost with Margrave (the Derby), is now in full force ready to ride for the Derby and rumor says that Grey Momus is his nag.

EXPORTATION OF HORSES TO RUSSIA.—The following horses are about to be shipped to Russia, by Mr. Jackson, of Hull:—Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Priam out of Idalia, by Peruvian; a mare by Waverley (sister to Yarico), out of Fancy, by Osmond; a mare by Master Richard, dam by Macbeth; a gr. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Peter Lely (Sharpset dam), by Comus; and several half-bred horses.

Lord Jersey's Cobweb colt derives his name from an impromptu made immediately after he had won the Riddlesworth. A party connected with the stable, and who knew that the horse had been quite "fit," observed to the Noble Earl as soon as the race was over—"Well, my Lord, we have got that out of the fire."—"So we have," replied his Lordship, "therefore the horse shall be called *Phœnix*."

Lord Jersey has sold *Mendicant* for £300, to go to France.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the fortunate rider, Mr. Thomas Lye, is engaged to ride, the ensuing season, for the Earl of Derby.

The Yorkshireman.

In answer to a correspondent at Hedgeford, we can assure him, on indisputable authority, that the Duke of Leed's colt, by Physician, out of sister to Redstart, although placed third for the Champagne Stake, at Catterick, in both the *York Herald* and *Bell's Life in London*, DID NOT START FOR THE STAKE. The Duke's horse, which ran third, was the colt by Waverley, out of Rhodocantha, as reported in the *Yorkshireman* of last week.

SURPRISING LEAP.—Last week, during the Catterick Meeting, Sir James Boswell's two years old filly, by Physician, out of Meretrix, only about fifteen hands high, broke loose from the boy who had been exercising her, and ran away, when she gallantly leaped over several large gates between Brough Hall and the Catterick course; but, on getting into the latter place, she outdid all her previous performances. Finding a number of persons closing upon her, to effect her capture, she actually charged and cleared the iron entrance gates, opposite to the Catterick Bridge Inn door, which she effected without any injury, although they are surmounted with iron spikes, and the leap must have cleared seven feet high to have accomplished it.

REMOVAL OF RACERS.—On Wednesday last, Capt. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, 6 years old, and ch. c. Valentine, 5 years old, left Messrs. Dawson's stables, at Brecongill, Middleton Moor, in a new caravan, drawn by six horses, to proceed to Eglinton Park: and on the following morning they were followed by another caravan, for the same meeting, in which were Bellona and St. Bennett, the property of the Earl of Eglinton. The journey from Middleham to Eglinton Park would occupy each two days.——Abraham Newland, The Potentate, and Galewood will leave Mr. Dawson's stables, at Brecongill Lodge, Middleham Moor, this morning (Saturday), on their way to Chester. Zohrab is intended to return from Eglinton Park, per caravan, to Chester.

TROTTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A match came off on Thursday, the 19th inst. on the Chester road, eleven miles from Manchester, and ending at 19th. The owner of a pony, fourteen hands and a half high, bet £25 against £35, that she should trot sixteen miles within the hour. The odds at starting were 6 to 1 against the pony, she appearing uncommonly poor, having twelve stone to carry, and the road being killing, consequently unfavourable. She stood and started, was twelve minutes and a half in trotting the first three miles, broke twice, turned three times with the swing at the eighth mile, and completed her task easy, doing the last mile in fifteen seconds less than any of the former.

Dublin Evening Packet.

BEACON COURSE, NEW JERSEY.

$1200 IN PURSES, WILL BE GIVEN FOR FOOT RACING, And other Athletic Exercises, on this Course, being within one mile of New York.

THE MEETING for the above Purses will commence on Wednesday, 27th June, and continue two days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY. (To commence at 1 o'clock.)

A Purse of $300 for a Foot Race, Two mile heats, the best 3 in 5 to win the money. $25 of the purse to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the greatest distance Walked in one hour. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for Running two hundred yards. $5 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the Highest Leaps over a Bar, (to Run and Leap). $10 of the money to the 2d best.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

A purse of $550 for a Foot Race, Three mile heats. $50 of the money to go to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for Running a quarter of a mile. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the farthest three Jumps, (to Stand and Jump.)

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the farthest Pitch of a Bar.

Same Day—To close the performance, a purse of $100 for a Bag Race, three hundred yards. $15 of the money to the second best, $10 to the third best; if there should be but two entries, the second will be entitled to $25.

☞ Entries for the purses of $300 and $500 will close on Saturday, the 23d of June, and all other Entries to close at 5 o'clock in the Evening, the day previous to the Race.

Entries to be made with Mr. SLOAT, at the Course. For either of the above Purses two or more must enter to entitle the Winner to the money.

Persons wishing to enter for the above, will give information of the same to Mr. Sloat, as early as possible.

All difficulties to be decided by the Judges of the day.

Persons entering for any of the above Purses, will be charged 5 per cent. for each Purse so entered for.

C. S. BROWNING, One of the Proprietors of Beacon Course.

P.S.—In case of unfavourable weather a *White Flag* will be hoisted at the Stand, which may readily be seen from the city. [J2-4t]

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, over the above course, will commence on Tuesday, 19th June, and continue four days.

First Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all Pacing horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Second Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—A match against time, for $1000. Mr. McMan is to ride his bay horse 33 miles in two successive hours.

Third Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Fourth Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses except the winner of the above free purse, Two mile heats, in Harness. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

Hoboken, N. J., June 1, 1838. [J2-3t]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH J. C. SPRING RACES.

THE above races will commence on the First Wednesday, 6th June, and continue four days.

First Day—For a Silver Pitcher, valued at $150, ent. $15, Mile heats.
Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

[m12-4t] JAMES S. GARRISON, *Proprietor*

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats.	750
Second day—Three mile heats.	1200
Third day—Four mile heats.	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse.	1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans April 15, 1838. [a28] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

SWEEPSTAKES OF $5000 EACH SUBSCRIPTION!

WE the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake, with colts and fillies dropped in the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, Four mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club meeting on said course, in the Fall of 1843. Sub. $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If man, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Jan. 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Balie Peyton & J. G. Chalmers name produce of Black Maria (by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy,) and Imp. Luzborough.

B. Peyton & A. Henderson name produce of Maria Shepherd (Lilac's dam—by Sir Archy, dam by Shylock,) and Imp. Priam.

James Kirkman names the produce of Imp. Eliza (by Rubens, out of Little Folly by Highland Fling,) and Imp. Glencoe. [m19-3t]

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamuts, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m6]

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

ALEXANDER, by Pacolet, out of Jenny Ribond by Doublehead—at Dr. John D. Winston & Co.'s stable, Columbia, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $20 the season.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, and $75 to insure.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant—at Maj. B. Lucken's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., at $50.

BRAVO, by Waxey, dam by Imp. Buzzard—at Birch & Shirley's stable, Elizabethtown, Ky. at $25, and $30 to insure.

BERTRAND Jr., will stand the present season at H. Dalby's stable, Augusta Ga., at $60 the season.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna—at Fairfield race course, Va. at $75 and $125.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison—at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin—in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa.

COLLINGWOOD stands at Carrolton, Carrol County, Arks.

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima—at the stable of Jas. Bathgate, Esq., in the village of West Farms, 12 miles from the City of New York, at $40—$60 to insure.

DRONE, by Mons Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C.

FRANCIS MARION, by Marion, out of Malvina by Old Sir Archy—at the stable of James J. Puttman, Marianna, Florida, at $50, payable 1st Dec. next.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford by Imp. Bedford—at Jilson Yates & Co.'s stable, Shelbyville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

GOVERNOR BURTON, by Mons Tonson, out of Lady Burton—at Rutherfordton and Morganton, N. C., at $20, and $30 to insure.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time ALBERT A. JETER.

HIAZIM, by Sir Archie, out of Jenny (the dam of Polly Hopkins) by Imp. Archduke—at John Scott's stable, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., Ky.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JACKSON, by John Richards, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., at $20 for half blood, and $30 for blood mares; $50 to insure.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville, Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth County, N. J., at $40 to insure.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop by Duroc—at Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky., at $30

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, will stand at Thomas A. Pankey's stable, at Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., at $100 the season—$1 to groom

PENOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $60 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc—at the stable of James Holmes, Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under the care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

RATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—at Charlotte Court house, Va., at $60 and $100.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

SENATOR, by Bertrand, out of Princess by Pacolet—at the stable of Dr. J. D. Winston & Lewis Sherley, Burksville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

STAFFORD, *Imported*, by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam by Sir Peter—at the Plantation of J. Wright, near Cheraw, S. C.—[*]

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttlemore—at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50 and $100.

STOCKHOLDER, by Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen—at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Ky at $50—$75 to insure—$1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford—at the farm of John Cunningham, Bourbon County, Ky., at $50.

ZINGANEE, (Garrison's), by Sir Archy, out of Atalanta by Imp. Chance—at Dr. J. C. Gibson's farm, near Culpeper Court House, Va.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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